POEMS, ELEGIES, PARADOXES, And SONETS.

Dr. Henry King Bp of Chichester 1641
died. 1669.

LONDON,
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THE PUBLISHERS TO THE AUTHOR.

Sir,

IT is the common fashion to make some address to the Readers, but we are bold to direct ours to you, who will look on this publication with Anger which others must welcom into the world with Joy.

The Lord *Verulam* comparing ingenious Authors to those who had Orchards ill neighboured, advised them to publish their own labours, lest others might steal the fruit: Had you followed his example, or liked the advice, we had not thus trespassed against

your consent, or been forced to an Apology, which cannot but imply a fault committed. The best we can say for our selves is, that if we have injured you it is meerly in your own defence, preventing the present attempts of others, who to their theft would (by their false copies of these Poems) have added violence, and some way have wounded your reputation.

Having been long engaged on better contemplations, you may perhaps look down on these *Juvenilia* (most of them the issues of your youthful Muse) with some disdain; and yet the Courteous Reader may tell you with thanks, that they are not to be despised, being far from

A-

Abortive, nor to be disowned, because they are both Modest and Legitimate. And thus if we have offered you a view of your younger face, our hope is you will behold it with an unwrinkled brow, though we have presented the Mirrour against your will.

We confess our design hath been set forward by friends that honour you, who left the ill publishing might disfigure these things from whence you never expected addition to your credit (sundry times endeavoured and by them defeated) furnished us with some papers which they thought Authentick; we may not turn their favour into an accusation, and therefore give no intimation of their names, but wholly

wholly take the blame of this hasty and immethodical impression upon our selves, being persons at a distance, who are fitter to bear it then those who are neerer related. In hope of your pardon we remain

Your most devoted servants,

Rich: Marriot.
Hen: Herringman.

POEMS

POEMS.

SONNET.

The Double Rock.

SInce thou haſt view'd ſome Gorgon, and art (grown
A ſolid ſtone:
To bring again to ſoftneſs thy hard heart
Is paſt my art.
Ice may relent to water in a thaw;
But ſtone made fleſh Loves Chymiſtry ne're ſaw.

Therefore by thinking on thy hardneſs, I
Will petrify;
And ſo within our double Quarryes Wombe,
Dig our Loves Tombe.
Thus ſtrangely will our difference agree;
And, with our ſelves, amaze the world, to ſee
How both Revenge and Sympathy conſent
To make two Rocks each others Monument.

The Vow-Breaker.

WHen firſt the Magick of thine ey,
Uſurpt upon my liberty,
Triumphing in my hearts ſpoyl, thou
Didſt lock up thine in ſuch a vow;
When I prove falſe, may the bright day
Be govern'd by the Moons pale ray!
(As I too well remember) This
Thou ſaid'ſt, and ſeald'ſt it with a kiſs.

O Heavens! and could ſo ſoon that Ty
Relent in ſlack Apoſtacy?
Could all thy Oaths, and morgag'd truſt,
Vaniſh? like letters form'd in duſt
Which the next wind ſcatters. Take heed,
Take heed Revolter; know this deed
Hath wrong'd the world, which will fare worſe
By thy Example then thy Curſe.

Hide that falſe Brow in miſts. Thy ſhame
Ne're ſee light more, but the dimme flame

Of

Of funeral Lamps. Thus ſit and moane,
And learn to keep thy guilt at home.
Give it no vent; for if agen
Thy Love or Vowes betray more men,
At length (I fear) thy perjur'd breath
Will blow out day, and waken Death.

Upon a Table-Book preſented to a Lady.

WHen your fair hand receives this little book
You muſt not there for proſe or verſes look.
Thoſe empty regions which within you ſee,
May by your ſelf planted and peopled be:
And though we ſcarce allow your ſex to prove
Writers (unleſs the Argument be Love);
Yet without crime or envy you have roome
Here, both the Scribe and Author to become.

To the ſame Lady upon Mr. Burtons *Melancholy.*

IF in this Glaſs of Humours you do find
The Paſſions or diſeaſes of your mind,
Here without pain, you ſafely may endure,
Though not to ſuffer, yet to read your cure.
But if you nothing meet you can apply,
Then ere you need, you have a remedy.
And I do wiſh you never may have cauſe
To be adjudg'd by theſe fantaſtick Laws;
But that this books example may be known,
By others Melancholy, not your own.

The Farewell.

Splendidis longùm valedico nugis.

FArewell fond Love, under whoſe childiſh whip,
I have ſerv'd out a weary Prentiſhip;
Thou that haſt made me thy ſcorn'd property,
To dote on Rocks, but yielding Loves to fly:

Go

Go bane of my dear quiet and content,
Now practiſe on ſome other Patient.

Farewell falſe Hope that fann'd my warm deſire
Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
Which nor ſighs cool, nor tears extinguiſh can,
Although my eyes out-flow'd the Ocean:
Forth of my thoughts for ever, Thing of Air,
Begun in errour, finiſh't in deſpair.

Farewell vain World, upon whoſe reſtleſs ſtage
Twixt Love and Hope I have foold out my age;
Henceforth ere ſue to thee for my redreſs,
Ile wooe the wind, or court the wilderneſs;
And buried from the dayes diſcovery,
Study a ſlow yet certain way to dy.

My woful Monument ſhall be a Cell,
The murmur of the purling brook my knell;
My laſting Epitaph the Rock ſhall grone:
Thus when ſad Lovers ask the weeping ſtone,
What wretched thing does in that Center lie?
The hollow Eccho will reply, 'twas I.

A Black-moor Maid wooing a fair Boy: ſent to the Author by Mr. Hen. Rainolds.

STay lovely Boy, why fly'ſt thou mee
That languiſh in theſe flames for thee?
I'm black: 'tis true: why ſo is Night,
And Love doth in dark Shades delight.
The whole World, do but cloſe thine eye,
Will ſeem to thee as black as I;
Or op't, and ſee what a black ſhade
Is by thine own fair body made,
That follows thee where e're thou go;
(O who allow'd would not do ſo?)
Let me for ever dwell ſo nigh,
And thou ſhalt need no other ſhade than I.

Mr. *Hen. Rainolds.*

The Boyes anſwer to the Blackmoor.

BLack Maid, complain not that I fly,
When Fate commands Antipathy:

Pro-

Prodigious might that union prove,
Where Night and Day together move,
And the conjunction of our lips
Not kisses make, but an Eclipse;
In which the mixed black and white
Portends more terrour than delight.
Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,
Enjoy thy dearest wish: But see
Thou take my shadowes property,
That hastes away when I come nigh:
Else stay till death hath blinded mee,
And then I will bequeath my self to thee.

To a Friend upon Overbury's *wife given to her.*

I Know no fitter subject for your view
Then this, a meditation ripe for you,
As you for it. Which when you read you'l see
What kind of wife your self will one day bee:
Which happy day be neer you, and may this
Remain with you as earnest of my wish;

When you ſo far love any, that you dare
Venture your whole affection on his care,
May he for whom you change your Virgin-life
Prove good to you, and perfect as this Wife.

Upon the ſame.

Madam, who underſtands you well would ſwear,
That you the Life, and this your Copie were.

To A. R. *upon the ſame.*

NOt that I would inſtruct or tutor you
What is a Wifes beheſt, or Husbands due,
Give I this Widdow-Wife. Your early date
Of knowledge makes ſuch Precepts ſlow and late.
This book is but your glaſs, where you ſhall ſee
What your ſelf are, what other Wives ſhould bee.

An Epitaph on Niobe turned to Stone.

THis Pile thou ſeeſt built out of Fleſh, not Stone,
Contains no ſhroud within, nor mouldring bone:

This bloodleſs Trunk is deſtitute of Tombe
Which may the Soul-fled Manſion enwombe.

This ſeeming Sepulchre (to tell the troth)
Is neither Tomb nor Body, and yet both.

Upon a Braid of Hair in a Heart ſent by Mrs. E. H.

IN this ſmall Character is ſent
My Loves eternal Monument.
Whil'ſt we ſhall live, know, this chain'd Heart
Is our affections counter-part.
And if we never meet, think I
Bequeath'd it as my Legacy.

SON-

SONNET.

TEll me no more how fair she is,
I have no minde to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt a daring Fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote my self away.

I ask no pity (Love) from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy mee
The glory of my flame:
Which crowns my heart when eré it dyes,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

SON.

SONNET.

WEre thy heart ſoft as thou art faire,
Thou wer't a wonder paſt compare:
But frozen Love and fierce diſdain
By their extremes thy graces ſtain.
Cold coyneſs quenches the ſtill fires
Which glow in Lovers warm deſires;
And ſcorn, like the quick Lightnings blaze,
Darts death againſt affections gaze.
O Heavens, what prodigy is this
When Love in Beauty buried is!
Or that dead pity thus ſhould be
Tomb'd in a living cruelty.

SONNET.

GO thou that vainly do'ſt mine eyes invite
To taſte the ſofter comforts of the night,
And bid'ſt me cool the feaver of my brain,
In thoſe ſweet balmy dewes which ſlumber pain;

En-

Enjoy thine own peace in untroubled ſleep,
Whil'ſt my ſad thoughts eternal vigils keep.

O could'ſt thou for a time change breaſts with me,
Thou in that broken Glaſs ſhouldſt plainly ſee,
A heart which waſtes in the ſlow ſmothring fire
Blown by deſpair, and fed by falſe deſire,
Can onely reap ſuch ſleeps as Sea-men have,
When fierce winds rock them on the foaming wave.

SONNET.

To Patience.

DOwn ſtormy paſſions, down; no more
Let your rude waves invade the ſhore
Where bluſhing reaſon ſits and hides
Her from the fury of your tides.
Fit onely 'tis where you bear ſway
That Fools or Franticks do obey;
Since judgment, if it not reſiſts,
Will loſe it ſelf in your blind miſts.

Fall

Fall eaſie Patience, fall like reſt
Whoſe ſoft ſpells charm a troubled breaſt:
And where thoſe Rebels you eſpy,
O in your ſilken cordage tie
Their malice up! ſo ſhall I raiſe
Altars to thank your power, and praiſe
The ſoveraign vertue of your Balm,
Which cures a Tempeſt by a Calm.

Silence.

A SONNET.

PEace my hearts blab, be ever dumb,
Sorrowes ſpeak loud without a tongue:
And my perplexed thoughts forbear
To breath your ſelves in any ear:
Tis ſcarce a true or manly grief
Which gaddes abroad to find relief.

Was ever ſtomack that lackt meat
Nouriſht by what another eat?

Can

Can I beſtow it, or will woe
Forſake me when I bid it goe?
Then Ile believe a wounded breaſt
May heal by ſhrift, and purchaſe reſt.

But if imparting it I do
Not eaſe my ſelf, but trouble two,
'Tis better I alone poſſeſs
My treaſure of unhappineſs:
Engroſſing that which is my own
No longer then it is unknown.

If ſilence be a kind of death,
He kindles grief who gives it breath;
But let it rak't in embers lye,
On thine own hearth 'twill quickly dye;
And ſpight of fate, that very wombe
Which carries it, ſhall prove its tombe.

Loves Harveſt.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why do'ſt thou ſue
For thy affections pay e're it is due?

Loves

Loves fruits are legal use; and therefore may
Be onely taken on the marriage day.
Who for this interest too early call,
By that exaction lose the Principall.

Then gather not those immature delights,
Untill their riper Autumn thee invites.
He that abortive Corn cuts off his ground,
No Husband but a Ravisher is found:
So those that reap their love before they wed,
Do in effect but Cuckold their own Bed.

The Forlorn Hope.

HOw long vain Hope do'st thou my joys suspend?
Say! must my expectation know no end!
Thou wast more kind unto the wandring Greek
Who did ten years his Wife and Country seek:
Ten lazy Winters in my glass are run,
Yet my thoughts travail seems but new begun.

Smooth Quick-sand which the easy World beguiles,
Thou shalt not bury me in thy false smiles.

They

They that in hunting ſhadowes pleaſure take
May benefit of thy illuſion make.
Since thou haſt baniſht me from my content
I here pronounce thy finall baniſhment.

Farewell thou dream of nothing! thou meer voice
Get thee to fooles that can feed fat with noiſe:
Bid wretches markt for death look for reprieve,
Or men broke on the wheel perſwade to live.
Henceforth my comfort and beſt Hope ſhall be,
By ſcorning Hope, nere to rely on thee.

The Retreat.

Purſue no more (my thoughts!) that falſe unkind,
You may aſſoon impriſon the North-wind;
Or catch the Lightning as it leaps; or reach
The leading billow firſt ran down the breach;
Or undertake the flying clouds to track
In the ſame path they yeſterday did rack.
Then, like a Torch turn'd downward, let the ſame
Deſire which nouriſht it, put out your flame.

Loe thus I doe divorce thee from my breſt,
Falſe to thy vow, and traitour to my reſt!

Hence-

Henceforth thy tears shall be (though thou repent)
Like pardons after execution sent.
Nor shalt thou ever my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph of what is dead.
So may my hope on future blessings dwell,
As 'tis my firm resolve and last farewell.

SONNET.

TEll me you stars that our affections move,
Why made ye me that cruell one to love?
Why burnes my heart her scorned sacrifice,
Whose breast is hard as Chrystall, cold as Ice?

God of Desire! if all thy Votaries
Thou thus repay, succession will grow wise;
No sighs for incense at thy Shrine shall smoke,
Thy Rites will be despis'd, thy Altars broke.

O! or give her my flame to melt that snow
Which yet unthaw'd does on her bosome grow;
Or make me ice, and with her chrystall chaines
Binde up all love within my frozen veines:

SONNET.

I Prethee turn that face away
Whose splendour but benights my day.
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts
Shun the bright rayes which beauty darts.
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries
Into those shades where sorrow lies.

Go shine on happy things. To me
That blessing is a miserie:
Whom thy fierce Sun not warmes, but burnes,
Like that the sooty Indian turnes.
Ile serve the night, and there confin'd
Wish thee less fair, or else more kind.

SONNET.

DRy those fair, those chrystal eyes
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks. Griefs sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.

Thy

Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the ſhoar of diſcontent.

Then clear thoſe wattriſh ſtarres again
Which elſe portend a laſting rain;
Leſt the clouds which ſettle there
Prolong my Winter all the Year:
And the example others make
In love with ſorrow for thy ſake.

SONNET.

WHen I entreat, either thou wilt not hear,
Or elſe my ſuit arriving at thy ear
Cools and dies there. A ſtrange extremitie
To freeze ith' Sun, and in the ſhade to frie.
Whil'ſt all my blaſted hopes decline ſo ſoon,
Tis Evening with me, though at high Noon.

For pity to thy ſelf, if not to me
Think time will raviſh, what I loſe, from thee.
If my ſcorche heart wicker through thy delay,
Thy beauty withers too. And ſwift decay

Arreſts thy Youth. So thou whil'ſt I am ſlighted
Wilt be too ſoon with age or ſorrow nighted.

To a Lady who ſent me a copy of verſes at my going to bed.

LAdy your art or wit could nere deviſe
To ſhame me more then in this nights ſurpriſe.
Why I am quite unready, and my eye
Now winking like my candle, doth deny
To guide my hand, if it had ought to write;
Nor can I make my drowſie ſenſe indite
Which by your verſes muſick (as a ſpell
Sent from the Sybellean Oracle)
Is charm'd and bound in wonder and delight,
Faſter then all the leaden chains of night.

What pity is it then you ſhould ſo ill
Employ the bounty of your flowing quill,
As to expend on him your bedward thought,
Who can acknowledge that large love in nought

But

But this lean wish; that fate soon send you those
Who may requite your rhimes with midnight prose.

Mean time, may all delights and pleasing Theams
Like Masquers revell in your Maiden dreams,
Whil'st dull to write, and to do more unmeet,
I, as the night invites me, fall asleep.

The Pink.

FAir one, you did on me bestow
Comparisons too sweet to ow;
And but I found them sent from you
I durst not think they could be true.

But 'tis your uncontrolled power
Goddess-like to produce a flower,
And by your breath, without more seed,
Make that a Pink which was a Weed.

Because I would be loth to miss
So sweet a Metamorphosis,
Upon what stalk soere I grow

Disdain not you sometimes to blow
And cherish by your Virgin eye
What in your frown would droop and die:

So shall my thankful leaf repay
Perfumed wishes every day:
And o're your fortune breathe a spell
Which may his obligation tell,
Who though he nought but she can give
Must ever your (Sweet) creature live.

To his Friends of Christ-Church upon the mislike of the Marriage of the Arts acted at Woodstock.

But is it true, the Court mislik't the Play,
That Christ-Church and the Arts have lost the (day;
That Ignoramus should so far excell,
Their Hobby-horse from ours hath born the Bell?

Troth you are justly serv'd, that would present
Ought unto them, but shallow merriment;

Or

Or to your Marriage-table did admit
Gueſts that are ſtronger far in ſmell then wit.

Had ſome quaint Bawdry larded ev'ry Scene,
Some fawning Sycophant, or courted queane;
Had there appear'd ſome ſharp croſs-garter'd man
Whom their loud laugh might nick-name Puritan,
Cas'd up in factious breeches and ſmall ruffe,
That hates the ſurplis, and defies the cuffe:
Then ſure they would have given applauſe to crown
That which their ignorance did now cry down.

Let me adviſe, when next you do beſtow
Your pains on men that do but little know,
You do no Chorus nor a Comment lack,
Which may expound and conſtrue ev'ry Act:
That it be ſhort and ſlight; for if 't be good
Tis long, and neither lik't nor underſtood.

Know tis Court faſhion ſtill to diſcommend
All that which they want brain to comprehend.

The Surrender.

MY once dear Love; hapleſs that I no more
Muſt call thee ſo: the rich affections ſtore
That fed our hopes, lies now exhauſt and ſpent,
Like ſummes of treaſure unto Bankrupts lent.

We that did nothing ſtudy but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Roſe with delight to us, and with them ſet,
Muſt learn the hateful Art how to forget.

We that did nothing wiſh that Heav'n could give
Beyond our ſelves, nor did deſire to live
Beyond that wiſh, all theſe now cancell muſt
As if not writ in faith, but words and duſt.

Yet witneſs thoſe cleer vowes which Lovers make,
Witneſs the chaſt deſires that never brake
Into unruly heats; witneſs that breſt
Which in thy boſom anchor'd his whole reſt,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy Maiden faith, thy purpoſe fair and white

As

As thy pure ſelf. Croſs Planets did envie
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faſter then vowes could binde. O that the Starres,
When Lovers meet, ſhould ſtand oppos'd in warres!

Since then ſome higher Deſtinies command,
Let us not ſtrive nor labour to withſtand
What is paſt help. The longeſt date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief;
And though we waſte our ſelves in moiſt laments,
Tears may drown us but not our diſcontents.

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitleſs loves,
That muſt new fortunes trie, like Turtle Doves
Diſlodged from their haunts. We muſt in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this laſt kiſs I here ſurrender thee
Back to thy ſelf, ſo thou again art free.
Thou in another, ſad as that, reſend
The trueſt heart that Lover ere did lend.

Now turn from each. So fare our ſever'd hearts
As the divorc't ſoul from her body parts.

The Legacy.

MY deareſt Love! when thou and I muſt part,
And th'icy hand of death ſhall ſeize that heart
Which is all thine; within ſome ſpacious will
Ile leave no blanks for Legacies to fill:
Tis my ambition to die one of thoſe
Who but himſelf hath nothing to diſpoſe.

And ſince that is already thine, what need,
I to re-give it by ſome newer deed?
Yet take it once again. Free circumſtance
Does oft the value of mean things advance:
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer then his ſtore.

But let me not upon my love beſtow
What is not worth the giving. I do ow
Somwhat to duſt: my bodies pamper'd care
Hungry corruption and the worm will ſhare.
That mouldring relick which in earth muſt lie
Would prove a gift of horrour to thine eie.

With

With this caſt ragge of my mortalitie
Let all my faults and errours buried be.
And as my ſear-cloth rots, ſo may kind fate
Thoſe worſt acts of my life incinerate.
He ſhall in ſtory fill a glorious room
Whoſe aſhes and whoſe ſins ſleep in one Tomb.

If now to my cold hearſe thou deign to bring
Some melting ſighs as thy laſt offering,
My peacefull exequies are crown'd. Nor ſhall
I ask more honour at my Funerall.
Thou wilt more richly balm me with thy tears
Then all the Nard fragrant Arabia bears.

And as the Paphian Queen by her griefs ſhow'r
Brought up her dead Loves Spirit in a flow'r:
So by thoſe precious drops rain'd from thine eies,
Out of my duſt, O may ſome vertue riſe!
And like thy better Genius thee attend,
Till thou in my dark Period ſhalt end.

Laſtly, my conſtant truth let me commend
To him thou chooſeſt next to be thy friend.
For (witneſs all things good) I would not have

Thy Youth and Beauty married to my grave,
'Twould ſhew thou didſt repent the ſtyle of wife
Should'ſt thou relapſe into a ſingle life.

They with prepoſterous grief the world delude
Who mourn for their loſt Mates in ſolitude;
Since Widdowhood more ſtrongly doth enforce
The much lamented lot of their divorce.
Themſelves then of their loſſes guilty are
Who may, yet will not ſuffer a repaire.

Thoſe were Barbarian wives that did invent
Weeping to death at th'Husbands Monument,
But in more civil Rites She doth approve
Her firſt, who ventures on a ſecond Love;
For elſe it may be thought, if She refrain,
She ſped ſo ill, Shee durſt not trie again.

Up then my Love, and chooſe ſome worthier one
Who may ſupply my room when I am gone;
So will the ſtock of our affection thrive
No leſs in death, then were I ſtill alive.
And in my urne I ſhall rejoyce, that I
Am both Teſtatour thus and Legacie.

The

The short Wooing.

Like an Oblation set before a Shrine,
Fair One! I offer up this heart of mine.
Whether the Saint accept my Gift or no,
Ile neither fear nor doubt before I know.
For he whose faint distrust prevents reply,
Doth his own suits denial prophecy.

Your will the sentence is; Who free as Fate
Can bid my love proceed, or else retreat.
And from short views that verdict is decreed
Which seldom doth one audience exceed.
Love asks no dull probation, but like light
Conveyes his nimble influence at first sight.

I need not therefore importune or press;
This were t'extort unwilling happiness:
And much against affection might I sin:
To tire and weary what I seek to win.
Towns which by lingring siege enforced be
Oft make both sides repent the victorie.

Be Mistriss of your self: and let me thrive
Or suffer by your own prerogative.
Yet stay, since you are Judge, who in one breath
Bear uncontrolled power of Life and Death,
Remember (Sweet) pity doth best become
Those lips which must pronounce a Suitors doome.

If I find that, my spark of chast desire
Shall kindle into Hymens holy fire:
Else like sad flowers will these verses prove,
To stick the Coffin of rejected Love.

St. *Valentines day.*

NOw that each feather'd Chorister doth sing
The glad approches of the welcome Spring:
Now Phœbus darts forth his more early beam,
And dips it later in the curled stream,
I should to custome prove a retrograde
Did I still dote upon my sullen shade.

Oft have the seasons finisht and begun;
Dayes into Months, those into years have run,
Since

Since my croſs Starres and inauſpicious fate
Doom'd me to linger here without my Mate:
Whoſe loſs ere ſince befroſting my deſire,
Left me an Altar without Gift or Fire.

I therefore could have wiſht for your own ſake
That Fortune had deſign'd a nobler ſtake
For you to draw, then one whoſe fading day
Like to a dedicated Taper lay
Within a Tomb, and long burnt out in vain,
Since nothing there ſaw better by the flame.

Yet ſince you like your Chance, I muſt not try
To marre it through my incapacity.
I here make title to it, and proclaime
How much you honour me to wear my name;
Who can no form of gratitude deviſe,
But offer up my ſelf y our ſacrifice.

Hail then my worthy Lot! and may each Morn
Succeſſive ſprings of joy to you be born:
May your content ne're wane, untill my heart
Grown Bankrupt, wants good wiſhes to impart.

Hence-

Henceforth I need not make the duſt my Shrine,
Nor ſearch the Grave for my loſt Valentine.

To his unconſtant Friend.

BUt ſay thou very woman, why to me
This fit of weakneſs and inconſtancie?
What forfeit have I made of word or vow,
That I am rack't on thy diſpleaſure now?
If I have done a fault I do not ſhame
To cite it from thy lips, give it a name:
I ask the banes, ſtand forth, and tell me why
We ſhould not in our wonted loves comply?
Did thy cloy'd appetite urge thee to trie
If any other man could love as I?
I ſee friends are like clothes, lad up whil'ſt new,
But after wearing caſt, though nere ſo true.
Or did thy fierce ambition long to make
Some Lover turn a martyr for thy ſake?
Thinking thy beauty had deſerv'd no name
Unleſs ſome one do periſh in that flame:
Upon whoſe loving duſt this ſentence lies,
Here's one was murther'd by his Miſtriſs eyes.

Or was't becauſe my love to thee was ſuch,
I could not chooſe but blab it? ſwear how much
I was thy ſlave, and doting let thee know,
I better could my ſelf then thee forgo.

Hearken ye men that ere ſhall love like me,
Ile give you counſel gratis: if you be
Poſſeſt of what you like, let your fair friend
Lodge in your boſom, but no ſecrets ſend
To ſeek their lodging in a female breſt;
For ſo much is abated of your reſt.
The Steed that comes to underſtand his ſtrength
Growes wild, and caſts his manager at length:
And that tame Lover who unlocks his heart
Unto his Miſtriſs, teaches her an art
To plague himſelf; ſhews her the ſecret way
How She may tyrannize another day.

And now my fair unkindneſs, thus to thee;
Mark how wiſe Paſſion and I agree:
Hear and be ſorry for't. I will not die
To expiate thy crime of levitie:
I walk (not croſs-arm'd neither) eat, and live,
Yea live to pity thy neglect, not grieve

That thou art from thy faith and promiſe gone,
Nor envy him who by my loſs hath won.
Thou ſhalt perceive thy changing Moon-like fits
Have not infected me, or turn'd my wits
To Lunacie. I do not mean to weep
When I ſhould eat, or ſigh when I ſhou'd ſleep;
I will not fall upon my pointed quill,
Bleed ink and Poems, or invention ſpill
To contrive Ballads, or weave Elegies
For Nurſes wearing when the infant cries.
Nor like th'enamour'd Triſtrams of the time,
Deſpair in proſe, and hang my ſelf in rhime.
Nor thither run upon my verſes feet,
Where I ſhall none but fools or mad-men meet,
Who mid'ſt the ſilent ſhades, and Myrtle walks,
Pule and do penance for their Miſtreſs faults.
I'm none of thoſe poetick male-contents
Born to make paper dear with my laments:
Or wild Orlando that will rail and vex,
And for thy ſake fall out with all the ſex.
No, I will love again, and ſeek a prize
That ſhall redeem me from thy poor deſpiſe.
Ile court my fortune now in ſuch a ſhape
That will no faint die, nor ſtarv'd colour take.

Thus

Thus launch I off with triumph from thy shore,
To which my last farewell, for never more
Will I touch there. I put to Sea again
Blown with the churlish wind of thy disdain,
Nor will I stop this course till I have found
A Coast that yields safe harbour, and firm ground.

Smile ye Love-Starres, wing'd with desire I fly,
To make my wishes full discovery:
Nor doubt I but for one that proves like you,
I shall find ten as fair, and yet more true.

Madam Gabrina, Or the Ill-favourd Choice.

Con mala Muger el remedio
Mucha Tierra por el medio.

I Have oft wondred why thou didst elect
Thy Mistress of a stuff none could affect,
That wore his eyes in the right place. A thing
Made up, when Natures powers lay slumbering.
One, where all pregnant imperfections met
To make her sexes scandal: Teeth of jet,
Hair dy'd in Orpment, from whose fretful hew
Canidia her highest Witch-crafts drew.

A lip moſt thin and pale, but ſuch a mouth
Which like the Poles is ſtretched North and South.
A face ſo colour'd, and of ſuch a form,
As might defiance bid unto a ſtorm:
And the complexion of her ſallow hide
Like a wrack't body waſht up by the Tyde:
Eyes ſmall: a noſe ſo to her vizard glew'd
As if 'twould take a Planets altitude.
Laſt for her breath, 'tis ſomewhat like the ſmell
That does in Ember weeks on Fiſhſtreet dwell;
Or as a man ſhould faſting ſcent the Roſe
Which in the ſavoury Bear-garden growes.
If a Fox cures the Paralytickall,
Had'ſt thou ten Palſies, ſhe'd out-ſtink them all.

But I have found thy plot: ſure thou did'ſt trie
To put thy ſelf paſt hope of jealouſie:
And whil'ſt unlearned fools the ſenſes pleaſe,
Thou cur'ſt thy appetite by a diſeaſe;
As many uſe to kill an itch withall,
Quickſilver or ſome biting Minerall.

Dote upon handſome things each common man
With little ſtudy and leſs labour can;

But

But to make love to a Deformity,
Onely commends thy great ability,
Who from hard-favour'd objects draw'ſt content,
As Eſtriches from iron nutriment.

Well take her, and like mounted George, in bed
Boldly archieve thy Dragons Maiden-head:
Where (though ſcarce ſleep) thou mayſt reſt confi-
None dares beguile thee of thy puniſhment: (dent
The ſin were not more foul he ſhould commit,
Then is that She with whom he acted it.

Yet take this comfort: when old age ſhall raze,
Or ſickneſs ruine many a good face,
Thy choice cannot impair; no cunning curſe
Can mend that night-peece, that is, make her worſe.

The Defence.

Pienſan los Enamorados
Que tienen los otros, los ojos quebranta dos.

WHy ſlighteſt thou what I approve?
Thou art no Peer to try my love,

Nor canst discern where her form lyes,
Unless thou saw'st her with my eyes.

Say she were foul and blacker than
The Night, or Sun-burnt African,
If lik't by me, tis I alone
Can make a beauty where was none;
For rated in my fancie, she
Is so as she appears to me.

But tis not feature, or a face,
That does my free election grace,
Nor is my liking onely led
By a well temperd white and red;
Could I enamour'd grow on those,
The Lilly and the blushing Rose
United in one stalk might be
As dear unto my thoughts as she.

But I look farther, and do find
A richer beauty in her mind;
Where something is so lasting fair,
As time or age cannot impair.
Had'st thou a perspective so cleere,
Thou could'st behold my object there;

When

When thou her vertues ſhould'ſt eſpy,
Theyl'd force thee to confeſs that I
Had cauſe to like her, and learn thence
To love by judgment not by ſence.

To One demanding why Wine ſparkles.

SO Diamonds ſparkle, and thy Miſtriſs eyes;
When tis not Fire but light in either flyes.
Beauty not thaw'd by luſtful flames will ſhow
Like a fair mountain of unmelted ſnow:
Nor can the taſted vine more danger bring
Then water taken from the chryſtall Spring,
Whoſe end is to refreſh and cool that heat
Which unallayd becomes foul vices ſeat:
Unleſs thy boyling veins, mad with deſire
Of drink, convert the liquor into fire.
For then thou quaff'ſt down feavers, thy full bowles
Carouſe the burning draughts of Portia's coles.

If it do leap and ſparkle in the cup,
Twill ſink thy cares, and help invention up.
There never yet was Muſe or Poet known
Not dipt or drenched in this Helicon.

But Tom! take heed thou uſe it with ſuch care
As Witches deal with their Familiar.
For if thy vertues circle not confine
And guard thee from the Furies rais'd by wine,
'Tis ten to one this dancing ſpirit may
A Devil prove to bear thy wits away;
And make thy glowing noſe a Map of Hell
Where Bacchus purple fumes like Meteors dwell.
Now think not theſe ſage moralls thee invite
To prove Carthuſian or ſtrict Rechabite;
Let fooles be mad, wiſe people may be free,
Though not to licenſe turn their libertie.
He that drinks wine for health, not for exceſs,
Nor drownes his temper in a drunkenneſs,
Shall feel no more the grapes unruly fate,
Then if he took ſome chilling Opiate.

By occaſion of the Young Prince his happy birth.

AT this glad Triumph, when moſt Poets uſe
Their quill, I did not bridle up my Muſe
For ſloth or leſs devotion. I am one
That can well keep my Holy-dayes at home;

That

That can the blessings of my King and State
Better in pray'r then poems gratulate;
And in their fortunes bear a loyal part,
Though I no bone-fires light but in my heart.

Truth is, when I receiv'd the first report
Of a new Starre risen and seen at Court;
Though I felt joy enough to give a tongue
Unto a mute, yet dury strook me dumb:
And thus surpriz'd by rumour, at first sight
I held it some allegiance not to write.

For howere Children, unto those that look
Their pedigree in God's, not the Church book,
Fair pledges are of that eternitie
Which Christians possess not till they die;
Yet they appear view'd in that perspective
Through which we look on men long since alive,
Like succours in a Camp, sent to make good
Their place that last upon the watches stood.
So that in age, or fate, each following birth
Doth set the Parent so much neerer earth:
And by this Grammar we our heirs may call
The smiling Preface to our funerall.

This

This sadded my soft sense, to think that he
Who now makes Lawes, should by a bold decree
Be summon'd hence to make another room,
And change his Royal Palace for a tomb.
For none ere truly lov'd the present light,
But griev'd to see it rivall'd by the night:
And if't be sin to wish that light extinct,
Sorrow may make it treason but to think't.
I know each male-content or giddy man,
In his religion with the Persian,
Adores the rising Sun; and his false view
Best likes not what is best, but what is new.
O that we could these gangrenes so prevent
(For our own blessing and their punishment)
That all such might, who for wild changes thirst,
Rack't on a hopeless expectation, burst,
To see us fetter time, and by his stay
To a consistence fix the flying day;
And in a Solstice by our prayers made,
Rescue our Sun from death or envies shade.

But here we dally with fate, and in this
Stern Destiny mocks and controules our wish;
Informing us, if fathers should remain

For

For ever here, children were born in vain;
And we in vain were Christians, should we
In this world dream of perpetuitie.
Decay is natures Kalendar; nor can
It hurt the King to think he is a man;
Nor grieve, but comfort him, to hear us say
That his own children must his Scepter sway.
Why slack I then to contribute a vote
Large as the Kingdoms joy, free as my thought?
Long live the Prince, and in that title bear
The world long witnes that the King is here:
May he grow up till all that good he reach
Which we can wish, or his Great Father teach:
Let him shine long a mark to Land and Main,
Like that bright Spark plac't neerest to *charles wain*,
And like him lead successions golden Teame,
Which may possess the Brittish Diademe.

But in the mean space, let his Royal Sire,
Who warmes our hopes with true Promethean fire,
So long his course in time and glory run,
Till he estate his vertue on his son.
So in his Fathers dayes this happy One
Shall crowned be, yet not usurp the Throne;

And

And *Charles* reign ſtill, ſince thus himſelf will be
Heir to himſelf through all Poſteritie.

Upon the Kings happy return from Scotland.

SO breaks the day when the returning Sun
Hath newly through his Winter Tropick run,
As You (Great Sir!) in this regreſs come forth
From the remoter Climate of the North.

To tell You now what cares, what fears we paſt,
What Clouds of ſorrow did the land ore-caſt,
Were loſt, but unto ſuch as have been there
Where the abſented Sun benights the year:
Or have thoſe Countreys traveld which nere feel
The warmth and vertue of his flaming wheel.

How happy yet were we! that when you went,
You left within your Kingdomes firmament
A Partner-Light, whoſe luſtre may deſpiſe
The nightly glimm'ring Tapers of the skies,
Your peerleſs Queen; and at each hand a Starre
Whoſe hopeful beams from You enkindled are.

Though

Though (to say truth) the light which they could
Serv'd but to lengthen out our evening. (bring

Heavens greater lamps illumine it; each spark
Adds onely this, to make the sky less dark.
Nay She who is the glory of her sex
Did sadly droop for lack of Your reflex:
Oft did She her fair brow in loneness shrowd,
And dimly shone, like Venus in a cloud.

Now are those gloomy mists dry'd up by You,
As the Worlds eye scatters the Ev'ning dew:
And You bring home that blessing to the land
Which absence made us rightly understand.

Here may You henceforth stay! there need no
To hold You, but the circle of her arms, (charms
Whose fruitful love yields You a rich increase,
Seales of Your joy, and of the kingdomes peace.
O may those precious pledges fixe You here,
And You grow old within that chrystall Sphere!

Pardon this bold detention. Else our love
Will meerly an officious trouble prove.

Each

Each busie minute tells us as it flies,
That there are better objects for your eyes.
To them let us leave you, whil'st we go pray,
Raising this triumph to a Holy-day.

And may that soul the Churches blessing want,
May his content be short, his comforts scant,
Whose Bosom-Altar does no incense burn,
In thankful sacrifice for your return.

To the Queen at Oxford.

GReat Lady! That thus quite against our use,
We speak your welcome by an English Muse,
And in a vulgar tongue our zeales contrive,
Is to confess your large prerogative,
Who have the pow'rful freedom to dispense
With our strict Rules, or Customes difference.

Tis so when such a Star deigns to appeare
And shine within the Academick Spheare,
That ev'ry Colledge grac't by your resort,
Should onely speak the language of your Court;

As

As if Apollo's learned Quire, but *You*
No other *Queen of the Ascendent* knew.

Let those that list invoke the Delphian name,
To light their verse, and quench their doting flame;
In Helicon it were High Treason now,
Did any to a feign'd Minerva bow;
When *You* are present, whose chast vertues stain
The vaunted glories of her Maiden brain.

I would not flatter. May that dyet feed
Deform'd and vicious soules: they onely need
Such physick, who grown sick of their decayes,
Are onely cur'd with surfets of false praise;
Like those, who fall'n from Youth or Beauties grace,
Lay colours on which more bely the face.

Be You still what You are; a glorious Theme
For Truth to crown. So when that Diademe
Which circles Your fair brow drops off, and time
Shall lift You to that pitch our prayers climbe;
Posterity will plat a nobler wreath,
To crown Your fame and memory in death.
This is sad truth and plain, which I might fear
Would scarce prove welcome to a Princes ear;

And

And hardly may you think that Writer wise
Who preaches there where he should poetize;
Yet where so rich a bank of goodness is,
Triumphs and Feasts admit such thoughts as this;
Nor will your vertue from her Client turn,
Although he bring his tribute in an urn.

Enough of this: who knowes not when to end
Needs must by tedious diligence offend.
'Tis not a Poets office to advance
The precious value of allegiance.
And least of all the rest do I affect
To word my duty in this dialect.

My service lies a better way, whose tone
Is spirited by full devotion.
Thus whil'st I mention *You*, *Your Royal Mate*,
And *Those* which your blest line perpetuate,
I shall such votes of happiness rehersc,
Whose softest accents will out-tongue my verse.

A

A ſalutation of his Majeſties Ship the Soveraign.

MOve on thou floating Trophee built to fame!
And bid her trump ſpread thy Majeſtick name;
That the blew Tritons, and thoſe petty Gods
Which ſport themſelves upon the dancing floods,
May bow as to their *Neptune*, when they feel
The awful preſſure of thy potent keel.

Great wonder of the time! whoſe form unites,
In one aſpect two warring oppoſites,
Delight and horrour; and in them portends
Diff'ring events both to thy foes and friends:
To theſe thy radiant brow, Peaces bright Shrine,
Doth like that golden Conſtellation ſhine,
Which guides the Sea man with auſpicious beams,
Safe and unſhipwrackt through the troubled ſtreams.
But, as a blazing Meteor, to thoſe
It doth oſtents of blood and death diſcloſe.
For thy rich Decks lighten like Heavens fires,
To uſher forth the thunder of thy Tires.

O never may croſs wind, or ſwelling wave
Conſpire to make the treach'rous ſands thy grave:
Nor envious rocks in their white foamy laugh
Rejoyce to wear thy loſſes Epitaph.
But may the ſmootheſt, moſt ſucceſsful gales
Diſtend thy ſheet, and wing thy flying ſailes:
That all deſignes which muſt on thee embark,
May be ſecurely plac't as in the Ark.
May'ſt thou, where ere thy ſtreamers ſhall diſplay,
Enforce the bold diſputers to obey:
That they whoſe pens are ſharper then their ſwords,
May yield in fact what they deny'd in words.
Thus when th'amazed world our Seas ſhall ſee
Shut from Uſurpers, to their own Lord free,
Thou may'ſt returning from the conquer'd Main,
With thine own Triumphs be crown'd *Soveraign*.

AN

AN EPITAPH
On his most honoured Friend Richard Earl of Dorset.

LEt no profane ignoble foot tread neer
This hallow'd peece of earth, *Dorset lies here:*
A small sad relique of a noble spirit,
Free as the air, and ample as his merit;
Whose least perfection was large, and great
Enough to make a common man compleat.
A soul refin'd and cull'd from many men,
That reconcil'd the sword unto the pen,
Using both well. No proud forgetting Lord,
But mindful of mean names and of his word.
One that did love for honour, not for ends,
And had the noblest way of making friends
By loving first. One that did know the Court,
Yet understood it better by report
Then practice, for he nothing took from thence
But the kings favour for his recompence.

One for religion, or his countreys good
That valu'd not his Fortune nor his blood.

One high in fair opinion, rich in praiſe;
And full of all we could have wiſht, but dayes.

He that is warn'd of this, and ſhall forbear
To vent a ſigh for him, or lend a tear;
May he live long and ſcorn'd, unpiti'd fall,
And want a mourner at his funerall.

The Exequy.

ACcept thou Shrine of my dead Saint,
Inſteed of Dirges this complaint;
And for ſweet flowres to crown thy hearſe,
Receive a ſtrew of weeping verſe
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'ſt ſee
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loſs! ſince thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look
Though almoſt blind. For thee (lov'd clay)
I languiſh out not live the day,

Uſing

Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes:
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, onely this
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary houres
With sighs dissolved into showres.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me, thy set
This Eve of blackness did beget,
Who was't my day, (though overcast
Before thou had'st thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce had'st seen so many years
As Day tells houres. By thy cleer Sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my Hemisphear,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled Star is fall'n and gon,

And twixt me and my ſoules dear wiſh
The earth now interpoſed is,
Which ſuch a ſtrange eclipſe doth make
As ne're was read in Almanake.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my ſad Clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that ſpace my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldſt promiſe to return;
And putting off thy aſhy ſhrowd
At length diſperſe this ſorrows cloud.

But woe is me! the longeſt date
Too narrow is to calculate
Theſe empty hopes: never ſhall I
Be ſo much bleſt as to deſcry
A glimpſe of thee, till that day come
Which ſhall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce Feaver muſt calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My Little World!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies ſhall aſpire

To our ſoules bliſs: then we ſhall riſe,
And view our ſelves with cleerer eyes
In that calm Region, where no night
Can hide us from each others ſight.

Mean time, thou haſt her earth: much good
May my harm do thee. Since it ſtood
With Heavens will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My ſhort-liv'd right and intereſt
In her, whom living I lov'd beſt:
With a moſt free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prethee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book
Each parcell of this Rarity
Which in thy Casket ſhrin'd doth ly:
See that thou make thy reck'ning ſtreight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou muſt audit on thy truſt
Each graine and atome of this duſt,
As thou wilt anſwer *Him* that lent,
Not gave thee my dear Monument.

So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my *Bride* is laid.

Sleep on my *Love* in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hallow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my Bottom ſteers,
And my dayes Compaſs downward bears:
Nor labour I to ſtemme the tide
Through which to *Thee* I ſwiftly glide.

'Tis true, with ſhame and grief I yield,
Thou like the *Vann* firſt took'ſt the field,
And gotten haſt the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whoſe more years might crave
A juſt precedence in the grave.
But heark! My Pulſe like a ſoft Drum
Beats my approch, tells *Thee* I come;
And ſlow howere my marches be,
I ſhall at laſt ſit down by *Thee*.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my diſſolution
With hope and comfort. *Dear* (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we ſhall meet and never part.

The Anniverſe.

AN ELEGY.

SO ſoon grown old! haſt thou been ſix years dead?
Poor earth, once by my Love inhabited!
And muſt I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climbe,
But fell in the aſcent! yet have not I
Studi'd enough thy loſſes hiſtory.

How happy were mankind if Death's ſtrict lawes
Conſum'd our lamentations like the cauſe!
Or that our grief turning to duſt might end
With the diſſolved body of a friend!

But ſacred Heaven! O how juſt thou art
In ſtamping deaths impreſſion on that heart
Which through thy favours would grow inſolent,
Were it not phyſick't by ſharp diſcontent.
If then it ſtand reſolv'd in thy decree
That ſtill I muſt doom'd to a Deſart be
Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
But what my own misfortune beaten hath:

If

If thou wilt bind me living to a coarſe,
And I muſt ſlowly waſte; I then of force
Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
That will which nought avail me to gainſay.

For whil'ſt in ſorrowes Maze I wander on,
I do but follow lifes vocation.
Sure we were made to grieve: at our firſt birth
With cries we took poſſeſſion of the earth;
And though the lucky man reputed be
Fortunes adopted ſon, yet onely he
Is Natures true born child, who ſummes his years
(Like me) with no Arithmetick but tears.

On

On two Children dying of one Diſeaſe, and buried in one Grave.

BRought forth in ſorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:
One Place, one Sire, one Womb their being gave,
They had one mortal ſickneſs, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their Account, yet with their Parents tears
This comfort mingles; Though their dayes were few
They ſcarcely ſinne, but never ſorrow knew:
So that they well might boaſt, they carry'd hence
What riper ages loſe, their innocence.

You pretty loſſes, that revive the fate
Which in your mother death did antedate,
O let my high-ſwol'n grief diſtill on you
The ſaddeſt drops of a Parentall dew:
You ask no other dower then what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have diſcharg'd that mournfull skore,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne're ſhall coſt me more,

Since

Since you releaſe and quit my borrow'd truſt,
By taking this inheritance of duſt.

A Letter.

I Ne'r was dreſt in Forms; nor can I bend
My pen to flatter any, nor commend,
Unleſs deſert or honour do preſent
Unto my verſe a worthy argument.

You are my friend, and in that word to me
Stand blazon'd in your nobleſt Heraldry;
That ſtyle preſents you full, and does relate
The bounty of your love, and my own fate,
Both which conſpir'd to make me yours. A choice
Which needs muſt in the giddy peoples voice,
That onely judge the outſide, and like apes
Play with our names, and comment on our ſhapes,
Appear too light: but it lies you upon
To juſtifie the diſproportion.

Truth be my record, I durſt not preſume
To ſeek to you, 'twas you that did aſſume
Me to your boſom. Wherein you ſubdu'd
One that can ſerve you, though ne're could intrude

Upon

Upon great titles; nor knows how t'invade
Acquaintance: Like such as are onely paid
With great mens smiles; if that the passant Lord
Let fall a forc't salute, or but afford
The Nod Regardant. It was test enough
For me, you ne're did find such servile stuff
Couch't in my temper; I can freely say,
I do not love you in that common way
For which Great Ones are lov'd in this false time:
I have no wish to gain, nor will to climbe;
I cannot pawn my freedom, nor out-live
My liberty for all that you can give.
And sure you may retain good cheap such friends,
Who not your fortune make, but you, their ends.
I speak not this to vaunt in my own story,
All these additions are unto your glory;
Who counter to the world, use to elect,
Not to take up on trust what you affect.
Indeed 'tis seldom seen that such as you
Adopt a friend, or for acquaintance sue;
Yet you did this vouchsafe, you did descend
Below your self to raise an humble friend,
And fix him in your love: where I will stand
The constant subject of your free command.

Had

Had I no ayerie thoughts ſure you would teach
Me higher then my own dull ſphere to reach:
And by reflex inſtruct me to appear (wear.
Something (though courſe and plain) fit for your

Know, beſt of friends, however wild report
May juſtly ſay I am unapt to ſort
With your opinion or ſociety,
(Which truth would ſhame me did I it deny)
There's ſomething in me ſayes, I dare make good,
When honour calls me, all I want in blood.

Put off your Giant titles, then I can
Stand in your judgements blank an equal man.
Though Hills advanced are above the Plain,
They are but higher earth, nor muſt diſdain
Alliance with the Vale: we ſee a ſpade
Can level them, and make a Mount a Glade.
Howere we differ in the Heralds book,
He that mankindes extraction ſhall look
In Natures Rolles, muſt grant we all agree.
In our beſt parts, immortal pedigree:
You muſt by that perſpective onely view
My ſervice, elſe 'twill nere ſhew worthy you.

You

You see I court you bluntly like a friend
Not like a Mistress; my Muse is not penn'd
For smooth and oylie flights: And I indent
To use more honesty then complement.

But I have done; in lieu of all you give
Receive his thankful tribute who must live
Your vow'd observer, and devotes a heart
Which will in death seal the bold counterpart.

An Acknowledgment.

MY best of friends! what needs a chain to tie
One by your merit bound a Votarie?
Think you I have some plot upon my peace,
I would this bondage change for a release?
Since 'twas my fate your prisoner to be,
Heav'n knows I nothing fear but libertie.

Yet you do well that study to prevent,
After so rich a stock of favour spent
On one so worthless, lest my memory
Should let so dear an obligation dy

With-

Without Record. This made my precious Friend
Her Token, as an Antidote to send
Against forgetful poysons. That as they
Who Vespers late, and early Mattins say
Upon their Beads, so on this linked skore
In golden numbers I might reckon ore
Your vertues and my debt, which does surmount
The trivial laws of Popular account:
For that within this emblematick knot
Your beauteous mind, and my own fate is wrote.

The sparkling constellation which combines
The Lock, is your dear self, whose worth outshines
Most of your sex: so solid and so clear
You like a perfect Diamond appear;
Casting from your example fuller light (night,
Then those dimme sparks which glaze the brow of
And gladding all your friends, as doth the ray
Of that East-starre which wakes the cheerful day.

But the black Map of death and discontent
Behind that Adamantine firmament,
That luckless figure which like Calvary
Stands strew'd and coppy'd out in skuls, is I;

Whose life your absence clouds, and makes my time
Move blindfold in the dark ecliptick line.

Then wonder not if my removed Sun
So low within the Western Tropick run;
My eyes no day in this Horizon see,
Since where You are not all is night to me.

Lastly, the anchor which enfastned lies
Upon a pair of deaths, sadly applies
That Monument of Rest which harbour must
Our Ship-wrackt fortunes in a road of dust.

So then how late soere my joyless life
Be tired out in this affections strife:
Though my tempestuous fancie like the skie
Travail with stormes, and through my watry eie
Sorrows high-going waves spring many a leak;
Though sighs blow loud til my hearts cordage break,
Though Faith, and all my wishes prove untrue,
Yet Death shall fix and anchor Me with You.
'Tis some poor comfort that this mortal scope
Will Period, though never Crown my Hope.

The Acquittance.

NOt knowing who ſhould my Acquiſtance take,
I know as little what diſcharge to make.
The favour is ſo great, that it out-goes
All forms of thankfulneſs I can propoſe,
Thoſe grateful levies which my pen would raiſe,
Are ſtricken dumb, or bury'd in amaze.
Therefore, as once in Athens there was ſhown
An Altar built unto the God unknown,
My ignorant devotions muſt by gueſs
This blind return of gratitude addreſs,
Till You vouchſafe to ſhew me where and how
I may to this revealed Goddeſs bow.

The Forfeiture.

MY Deareſt, To let you or the world know
What Debt of ſervice I do truly ow
To your unpattern'd ſelf, were to require
A language onely form'd in the deſire
Of him that writes. It is the common fate,
Of greateſt duties to evaporate
In ſilent meaning, as we often ſee
Fires by their too much fuel ſmother'd be:
Small Obligations may find vent and ſpeak,
When greater the unable debtor break.
And ſuch are mine to you, whoſe favours ſtore,
Hath made me poorer then I was before;
For I want words and language to declare
How ſtrict my Bond or large your bounties are.

Since nothing in my deſp'rate fortune found,
Can payment make, nor yet the ſumme compound
You muſt loſe all, or elſe of force accept
The body of a Bankrupt for your debt.
Then Love, your Bond to Execution ſue,
And take my ſelf, as forfeited to you.

The Departure.

AN ELEGY.

WEre I to leave no more then a good friend,
Or but to hear the ſummons to my end,
(Which I have long'd for) I could then with eaſe
Attire my grief in words, and ſo appeaſe
That paſſion in my boſom, which outgrowes
The language of ſtrict verſe or largeſt proſe.
But here I am quite loſt; writing to you
All that I pen or think, is forc't and new.
My faculties run croſs, and prove as weak
T'indite this melancholly task, as ſpeak:
Indeed all words are vain—well might I ſpare
This rendring of my tortur'd thoughts in ayre,
Or ſighing paper. My infectious grief
Strikes inward, and affords me no relief.
But ſtill a deeper wound, to loſe a ſight
More lov'd then health, and dearer then the light.
But all of us were not at the ſame time
Brought forth, nor are we billited in one clime.

Nature hath pitch't mankind at several rates,
Making our places diverse as our fates.
Unto that universal law I bow,
Though with unwilling knee; and do allow
Her cruell justice, which dispos'd us so
That we must counter to our wishes go.
'Twas part of mans first curse, which ordef'd well
We should not alway with our likings dwell.
'Tis onely the Triumphant Church where we
Shall in unsever'd Neighbourhood agree.

Go then best soul, and where You must appear
Restore the Day to that dull Hemisphear.
Nere may the hapless Night You leave behind
Darken the comforts of Your purer mind.
May all the blessings Wishes can invent
Enrich your dayes, and crown them with content.
And though You travel down into the West,
May Your lifes Sun stand fixed in the East,
Far from the weeping set; nor may my ear
Take in that killing whisper, *You once were.*

Thus kiss I your fair hands, taking my leave
As Prisoners at the Bar their doom receive.

All

All joyes go with You : let ſweet peace attend
You on the way, and wait Your journeys end.
But let Your diſcontents, and ſowrer fate
Remain with me, born off in my Retrait.
Might all your croſſes in that ſheet of lead
Which folds my heavy heart lie buried :
'Tis the laſt ſervice I would do You, and the beſt
My wiſhes ever meant, or tongue profeſt.
Once more I take my leave. And once for all,
Our parting ſhews ſo like a funerall,
It ſtrikes my ſoul, which hath moſt right to be
Chief Mourner at this ſad ſolemnitie.

And think not, Deareſt, 'cauſe this parting knell
Is rung in verſes, that at Your farewell
I onely mourn in Poetry and Ink :
No, my Pens melancholy Plommets ſink
So low, they dive where th' hid affections ſit,
Blotting that Paper where my mirth was writ.

Believ't that ſorrow trueſt is which lies
Deep in the breaſt, not floating in the eies :
And he with ſaddeſt circumſtance doth part,
Who ſeals his farewell with a bleeding heart.

PARADOX.

That it is best for a Young Maid to marry an Old Man.

FAir one, why cannot you an old man love?
He may as useful, and more constant prove.
Experience shews you that maturer years
Are a security against those fears
Youth will expose you to; whose wild desire
As it is hot, so 'tis as rash as fire.
Mark how the blaze extinct in ashes lies,
Leaving no brand nor embers when it dies
Which might the flame renew: thus soon consume,
Youths wandring heat, and vanishes in fumes.
When ages riper love unapt to stray
Through loose and giddy change of objects, may
In your warm bosom like a cynder lie,
Quickned and kindled by your sparkling eie.
'Tis not deni'd, there are extremes in both
Which may the fancie move to like or loath:
Yet of the two you better shall endure
To marry with the Cramp then Calenture.

Who

Who would in wiſdom chooſe the Torrid Zone
Therein to ſettle a Plantation?
Merchants can tell you, thoſe hot Climes were made
But at the longeſt for a three years trade:
And though the Indies caſt the ſweeter ſmell,
Yet health and plenty do more Northward dwell;
For where the raging Sun-beams burn the earth,
Her ſcorched mantle withers into dearth;
Yet when that drought becomes the Harveſts curſe,
Snow doth the tender Corn moſt kindly nurſe:
Why now then wooe you not ſome ſnowy head
To take you in meer pitty to his bed?
I doubt the harder task were to perſwade
Him to love you: for if what I have ſaid
In Virgins as in Vegetals holds true,
Hee'l prove the better Nurſe to cheriſh you.
Some men we know renown'd for wiſdom grown
By old records and antique Medalls ſhown;
Why ought not women then be held moſt wiſe
Who can produce living antiquities?
Beſides if care of that main happineſs
Your ſex triumphs in, doth your thoughts poſſeſs,
I mean your beauty from decay to keep;
No waſh nor mask is like an old mans ſleep.

Young

Young wives need never to be Sun-burnt fear,
Who their old husbands for Umbrellaes wear:
How ruſſet looks an Orchard on the hill
To one that's water'd by ſome neighb'ring Drill?
Are not the floated Medowes ever ſeen
To flouriſh ſoonеſt, and hold longeſt green?
You may be ſure no moiſt'ning lacks that Bride,
Who lies with Winter thawing by her ſide.
She ſhould be fruitful too as fields that joyne
Unto the melting waſte of *Appenine*.
Whil'ſt the cold morning-drops bedew the Roſe,
It doth nor leaf, nor ſmell, nor colour loſe;
Then doubt not Sweet! Age hath ſupplies of wet
To keep You like that flowr in water ſet.
Dripping Catarrhs and Fontinells are things
Will make You think You grew betwixt two Springs.
And ſhould You not think ſo, You ſcarce allow
The force or Merit of Your Marriage-Vow;
Where Maids a new Creed learn, & muſt from thence
Believe againſt their own or others ſence.
Elſe Love will nothing differ from neglect,
Which turns not to a vertue each defect.
Ile ſay no more but this; you women make
Your Childrens reck'ning by the Almanake.

I like it well, ſo you contented are,
To chooſe their Fathers by that Kalendar.
Turn then old *Erra Pater*, and there ſee
According to lifes poſture and degree,
What age or what complexion is moſt fit
To make an Engliſh Maid happy by it;
And You ſhall find, if You will chooſe a man,
Set juſtly for Your own Meridian,
Though You perhaps let *One* and *Twenty* woo,
Your elevation is for *Fifty Two*.

PARADOX.

That Fruition deſtroyes Love.

LOve is our Reaſons Paradox, which ſtill
Againſt the judgment doth maintain the Will:
And governs by ſuch arbitrary laws,
It onely makes the Act our Likings cauſe:
We have no brave revenge, but to forgo
Our full deſires, and ſtarve the Tyrant ſo.

They whom the riſing blood tempts not to taſte,
Preſerve a ſtock of Love can never waſte;

When

When eaſie people who their wiſh enjoy,
Like Prodigalls at once their wealth deſtroy.
Adam till now had ſtayd in Paradiſe
Had his deſires been bounded by his eyes.
When he did more then look, that made th'offence,
And forfeited his ſtate of innocence.
Fruition therefore is the bane t'undoe
Both our affection and the ſubject too.
'Tis Love into worſe language to tranſlate,
And make it into Luſt degenerate:
'Tis to De-throne, and thruſt it from the heart,
To ſeat it groſſely in the ſenſual part.
Seek for the *Starre* that's *ſhot* upon the ground,
And nought but a dimme gelly there is found.
Thus foul and dark our female ſtarres appear,
If fall'n or looſned once from Vertues Sphear.
Glow-worms ſhine onely look't on, and let ly,
But handled crawl into deformity:
So beauty is no longer fair and bright,
Then whil'ſt unſtained by the appetite:
And then it withers like a blaſted flowre
Some poys'nous worm or ſpider hath crept ore.
Pigmalcon's dotage on the carved ſtone,
Shews Amoriſts their ſtrong illuſion,

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt he to gaze and court it was content,
He ſerv'd as Prieſt at beauties Monument:
But when by looſer fires t'embraces led,
It prov'd a cold hard Statue in his bed.
Irregular affects, like mad mens dreams
Preſented by falſe lights and broken beams,
So long content us, as no neer addreſs
Shews the weak ſenſe our painted happineſs.
But when thoſe pleaſing ſhaddowes us forſake,
Or of the ſubſtance we a trial make,
Like him, deluded by the fancies mock,
We ſhip-wrack 'gainſt an Alabaſter rock.
What though thy Miſtreſs far from Marble be?
Her ſoftneſs will transform and harden thee.
Luſt is a Snake, and Guilt the Gorgons head,
Which Conſcience turns to Stone, & Joyes to Lead.

Turtles themſelves will bluſh, if put to name
The Act, whereby they quench their am'rous flame.
Who then that's wiſe or vertuous, would not feare
To catch at pleaſures which forbidden were,
When thoſe which we count lawful, cannot be
Requir'd without ſome loſs of modeſtie?

Ev'n in the Marriage-Bed, where soft delights
Are customary and authoriz'd Rites;
What are those tributes to the wanton sense,
But toleration of Incontinence?
For properly you cannot call that Love
Which does not from the Soul, but Humour move.
Thus they who worship't *Pan* or *Isis* Shrine,
By the fair Front judg'd all within Divine:
Though entring, found 'twas but a Goat or Cow
To which before their ignorance did bow.
Such Temples and such Goddesses are these
Which foolish Lovers and admirers please:
Who if they chance within the Shrine to prie,
Find that a beast they thought a Deity.
Nor makes it onely our opinion less
Of what we lik't before, and now possess;
But robbs the Fuel, and corrupts the Spice
Which sweetens and inflames Loves sacrifice.
After Fruition once, what is Desire
But ashes kept warm by a dying fire?
This is (if any) the *Philosophers Stone*,
Which still miscarries at *Projection*.
For when the *Heat ad Octo* intermits,
It poorly takes us like Third Ague fits;

Or

Or must on Embers as dull Druggs infuse,
Which we for Med'cine not for Pleasure use.

Since Lovers joyes then leave so sick a taste,
And soon as reli'sh'd by the Sense are past;
They are but Riddles sure, lost if possest,
And therefore onely in Reversion best.
For bate them Expectation and Delay,
You take the most delightful Scenes away.
These two such rule within the fancie keep,
As banquets apprehended in our sleep;
After which pleasing trance next morn we wake
Empty and angry at the nights mistake.
Give me long Dreams and Visions of content,
Rather then pleasures in a minute spent.
And since I know before, the shedding Rose
In that same instant doth her sweetness lose,
Upon the Virgin-stock still let her dwell
For me, to feast my longings with her smell.
Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the test.
Nor can I hold it worth his pains who tries
To Inne that Harvest which by reaping dies.

Re-

Reſolve me now what ſpirit hath delight,
If by full feed you kill the appetite?
That ſtomack healthy'ſt is, that nere was cloy'd,
Why not that Love the beſt then, nere enjoy'd?
Since nat'rally the blood, when tam'd or ſated,
Will cool ſo faſt it leaves the object hated.
Pleaſures like wonders quickly loſe their price
When Reaſon or Experience makes us wiſe.

To cloſe my argument then, I dare ſay
(And without Paradox) as well we may
Enjoy our Love and yet preſerve Deſire,
As warm our hands by putting out the fire.

The Change

Il ſabio muda conſeio : Il loco perſevera.

WE lov'd as friends now twenty years and more:
Is't time or reaſon think you to give o're?
When though two prentiſhips ſet Jacob free,
I have not held my Rachel dear at three.

Yet will I not your levitie accuſe;
Continuance ſometimes is the worſe abuſe.
In judgment I might rather hold it ſtrange,
If like the fleeting world, you did not change:
Be it your wiſdom therefore to retract,
When perſeverance oft is follies act.

In pity I can think, that what you do
Hath Juſtice in't, and ſome Religion too;
For of all vertues Morall or Divine,
We know but Love none muſt in Heaven ſhine:
Well did you the preſumption then foreſee
Of counterfeiting immortalitie:

Since had you kept our loves too long alive,
We might invade Heavens prerogative;
Or in our progress, like the Jews, comprise
The Legend of an earthly Paradise.

Live happy and more prosperous in the next,
You have discharg'd your old friend by the Text.
Farewel fair Shadow of a female faith,
And let this be our friendships Epitaph:

Affection shares the frailty of our fate,
When (like our selves) 'tis old and out of date:
'Tis just all humane Loves their period have,
When friends are frail and dropping to the grave:

To my Sister Anne King, who chid me in verse for being angry.

DEar Nan, I would not have thy counsel loſt,
Though I laſt night had twice ſo much been croſt;
Well is a Paſſion to the Market brought,
When ſuch a treaſure of advice is bought
With ſo much droſs. And could'ſt thou me aſſure,
Each vice of mine ſhould meet with ſuch a cure,
I would ſin oft, and on my guilty brow
Wear every miſperfection that I ow,
Open and viſible; I ſhould not hide
But bring my faults abroad: to hear thee chide
In ſuch a Note, and with a Quill ſo ſage,
It Paſſion tunes, and calmes a Tempeſts rage.

Well I am charm'd, and promiſe to redreſs
What, without ſhriſt, my follies doe confeſs
Againſt my ſelf; wherefore let me intreat,
When I fly out in that diſtemper'd heat
Which frets me into faſts, thou wilt reprove
That froward ſpleen in Poetry and Love:
So though I loſe my reaſon in ſuch fits,
Thou'lt rime me back again into my wits.

AN ELEGY

Upon the immature loss of the most vertuous Lady Anne Rich.

I Envy not thy mortal triumphs, Death,
(Thou enemy to Vertue as to Breath)
Nor do I wonder much, nor yet complain
The weekly numbers by thy arrow slain.
The whole world is thy Factory, and we
Like traffick driven and retail'd by Thee:
And where the springs of life fill up so fast,
Some of the waters needs must run to waste.

It is confest, yet must our griefs dispute
That which thine own conclusion doth refute
Ere we begin. Hearken! for if thy ear
Be to thy throat proportion'd, thou canst hear.
Is there no order in the work of Fate?
Nor rule, but blindly to anticipate
Our growing seasons? or think'st thou 'tis just,
To sprinkle our fresh blossomes with thy dust,
Till by abortive funerals, thou bring
That to an Autumn Nature meant a Spring?

Let

Is't not enough for thee that wither'd age
Lies the unpiti'd ſubject of thy rage;
But like an ugly Amoriſt, thy creſt
Muſt be with ſpoyles of Youth and Beauty dreſt?
In other Camps, thoſe which ſate down to day
March firſt to morrow, and they longeſt ſtay
Who laſt came to the ſervice: But in thine,
Onely confuſion ſtands for diſcipline.
We fall in ſuch promiſcuous heaps, none can
Put any diff'rence 'twixt thy Rear or Van;
Since oft the youngeſt lead thy Files. For this
The grieved world here thy accuſer is,
And I a Plaintiff, 'mongſt thoſe many ones
Who wet this Ladies Urn with zealous moanes;
As if her aſhes quick'ning into years
Might be again embody'd by our tears
But all in vain; the moiſture we beſtow
Shall make aſſoon her curled Marble grow,
As render heat, or motion to that blood, (flood;
Which through her veins branch't like an azure
Whoſe now ſtill Current in the grave is loſt,
Lock't up, and fetter'd by eternal froſt.

Deſiſt from hence, doting Aſtrology!
To ſearch for hidden wonders in the ſky;
Or from the concourſe of malignant ſtarres
Foretel diſeaſes gen'ral as our warres:
What barren droughts, forerunners of lean dearth,
Threaten to ſtarve the plenty of the earth:
What horrid forms of darkneſs muſt affright
The ſickly world, haſt'ning to that long night
Where it muſt end. If there no Portents are,
No black eclipſes for the Kalendar,
Our times ſad Annals will remembred be
Ith'loſs of bright *Northumberland* and *Thee*:
Two Starres of Court, who in one fatal year
By moſt untimely ſet dropt from their Sphear.
Shee in the winter took her flight, and ſoon
As her perfections reach't the point of Noon,
Wrapt in a cloud, contracted her wiſht ſtay
Unto the meaſure of a ſhort-liv'd day.
But *Thou* in Summer, like an early Roſe
By Deaths cold hand nipp'd as *Thou* didſt diſcloſe,
Took'ſt a long day to run that narrow ſtage,
Which in two gaſping minutes ſumm'd thy age.
And, as the fading Roſe, when the leaves ſhed
Lies in its native ſweetneſs buried,

Thou in thy vertues bedded and inherſt
Sleep'ſt with thoſe odours thy pure fame diſperſt.
Where till that *Riſing Morn* thou muſt remain,
In which thy wither'd flowres ſhall ſpring again.
And greater beauties thy wak't body veſt
Then were at thy departure here poſſeſt.

So with full eyes we cloſe thy vault. Content
(With what thy loſs bequeaths us) to lament,
And make that uſe of thy griev'd funerall,
As of a Chryſtall broken in the fall;
Whoſe pitti'd fractures gather'd up, and ſet,
May ſmaller *Mirrours* for *Thy Sex* beget;
There let them view themſelves, untill they ſee
The end of all their glories ſhew'n in *Thee*.

Whil'ſt in the truth of this ſad tribute, I
Thus ſtrive to Canonize thy Memory.

AN ELEGY

Upon Mrs. Kirk unfortunately drowned in Thames.

FOr all the Ship-wracks, and the liquid graves
Loſt men have gain'd within the furrow'd waves,
The Sea hath fin'd and for our wrongs paid uſe,
When its wrought foam a *Venus* did produce.

But what repair wilt thou unhappy *Thames*
Afford our loſſe? thy dull unactive ſtreames
Can no new beauty raiſe, nor yet reſtore
Her who by thee was raviſht from our ſhore:
Whoſe death hath ſtain'd the glory of thy flood,
And mixt the guilty Channel with her blood.

O *Neptune*! was thy favour onely writ
In that looſe Element where thou doſt ſit?
That after all this time thou ſhould'ſt repent
Thy faireſt bleſſing to the Continent?
Say, what could urge this Fate? is *Thetis* dead,
Or *Amphitrite* from thy wet armes fled?

Was't

Was't thou ſo poor in Nymphs, that thy moiſt love
Muſt be maintain'd with penſions from above?
If none of theſe, but that whil'ſt thou did'ſt ſleep
Upon thy ſandy pillow in the deep,
This miſchief ſtole upon us: may our grief
Waken thy juſt revenge on that ſlie thief,
Who in thy fluid Empire without leave,
And unſuſpected, durſt her life bereave.
Henceforth invert thy order, and provide
In gentleſt floods a Pilot for our guide.
Let rugged Seas be lov'd, but the Brooks ſmile
Shunn'd like the courtſhip of a Crocodile;
And where the Current doth moſt ſmoothly paſs,
Think for her ſake that ſtream deaths Looking-glaſs,
To ſhew us our deſtruction is moſt neer,
When pleaſure hath begot leaſt ſenſe of fear.

Elſe break thy forked Scepter 'gainſt ſome Rock,
If thou endure a flatt'ring calm to mock
Thy far-fam'd pow'r, and violate that law
Which keeps the angry Ocean in aw.
Thy Trident will grow uſeleſs, which doth ſtill
Wild tempeſts, if thou let tame rivers kill.

Mean

Mean time we ow thee nothing. Our first debt
Lies cancell'd in thy watry Cabinet.
We have for *Her* thou sent'st us from the Main,
Return'd a *Venus* back to thee again.

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of Mr. Edward Holt.

WHether thy Fathers, or diseases rage,
More mortal prov'd to thy unhappy age,
Our sorrow needs not question; since the first
Is known for length and sharpness much the worst.
Thy Feaver yet was kind; which the ninth day
For thy misfortunes made an easie way.
When th'other barbarous and Hectick fit,
In nineteen winters did not intermit.

I therefore vainly now not ask thee why
Thou didst so soon in thy Youths mid-way dy:
But in my sence the greater wonder make
Thy long oppressed heart no sooner brake,
Of force must the neglected blossom fall
When the tough root becomes unnatural,

And

And to his branches doth that ſap deny,
Which them with life and verdure ſhould ſupply.
For Parents ſhame, let it forgotten be,
And may the ſad example die with thee.

It is not now thy grieved friends intent
To render thee dull Pities argument.
Thou haſt a bolder title unto fame,
And at Edge-Hill thou didſt make good the claime;
When in thy Royal Maſters Cauſe and Warre
Thy ventur'd life brought off a noble skarre.
Nor did thy faithful ſervices deſiſt
Till death untimely ſtrook thee from the Liſt.

Though in that proudeſt vault then, which doth (tomb
Thy anceſtors, thy body find not room,
Thine own deſerts have purchas'd thee a place,
Which more renowned is then all thy race;
For in this earth thou doſt ennobled ly
With marks of Valour and of Loyalty.

To my dead friend Ben: Johnson.

I See that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainſt the quick ſtrokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off deaths pale dart. For, *Johnſon* then
Thou hadſt been number'd ſtill with living men.
Times ſithe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade,
Nor thee this ſubject of our ſorrow made.

Amongſt thoſe many votaries who come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tombe;
Whil'ſt ſome more lofty pens in their bright verſe
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy herſe)
Shall light the dull and thankleſs world to ſee,
How great a maim it ſuffers wanting thee;
Let not thy learned ſhadow ſcorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy memory;
And ſince I nought can adde, but in deſire
Reſtore ſome ſparks which leapt from thine own fire.

What ends ſoever others quills invite,
I can proteſt, it was no itch to write,

Nor

Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But meerly Love and Juſtice to the dead
Which rais'd my fameleſs Muſe; and caus'd her bring
Theſe drops, as tribute thrown into that ſpring,
To whoſe moſt rich and fruitful head we ow
The pureſt ſtreams of language which can flow.

For 'tis but truth, thou taught'ſt the ruder age
To ſpeake by Grammar, and reform'dſt the Stage:
Thy Comick Sock induc'd ſuch purged ſence,
A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
Amongſt thoſe ſoaring wits that did dilate
Our Engliſh, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thy ſelf was one
Helpt lift it up to ſuch proportion.
That thus refin'd and roab'd, it ſhall not ſpare
With the full *Greek* or *Latine* to compare.
For what tongue ever durſt, but ours, tranſlate
Great *Tully's* Eloquence, or *Homers* State?
Both which in their unblemiſht luſtre ſhine,
From *Chapmans* pen, and from thy *Catiline*.
All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy ſucceſsful toyl and times expence,

Is onely this poor Boon: that those who can
Perhaps read *French*, or talk *Italian*,
Or do the lofty *Spaniard* affect;
To shew their skill in Forrein Dialect,
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise,
They therefore should their *Mother-tongue* despise.
(As if her Poets both for style and wit
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Untill by studying *Johnson* they have known
The height and strength and plenty of their own.

Thus in what low earth or neglected room
Soere thou sleep'st, *thy book* shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy Coarse, bestrew'd
With thine own Flowres; and feel thy self renew'd,
Whil'st thy immortal never-wish'ring Bayes
Shall yearly flourish in thy Readers praise.
And when more spreading Titles are forgot,
Or spight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth rot,
Thou wrapt and Shrin'd in *thine own sheets*, wilt ly
A Relick fam'd by all Posterity.

AN

AN ELEGY

Upon Prince Henry's death.

KEep ſtation Nature, and reſt Heaven ſure
On thy ſupporters ſhoulders, leſt paſt cure,
Thou daſht in ruine fall by a griefs weight
Will make thy baſis ſhrink, and lay thy height
Low as the Center. Hearke! and feel it read
Through the aſtoniſht Kingdom, Henry's dead.
It is enough; who ſeeks to aggravate
One ſtrain beyond this, prove more ſharp his fate
Then ſad our doom. The world dares not ſurvive
To parallel this woes ſuperlative.
O killing Rhetorick of Death! two words (Swords
Breathe ſtronger terrours then Plague, Fire, or
Ere conquer'd. This were Epitaph and Verſe
Worthy to be prefixt in Natures herſe,
Or Earths ſad diſſolution; whoſe fall
Will be leſs grievous though more generall:
For all the woe ruine ere buried,
Sounds in theſe fatal accents, Henry's dead.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then unable Poetry, thy phraſe
Is weak and dull to ſtrike us with amaze
Worthy thy vaſter ſubject. Let none dare
To coppy this ſad hap, but with deſpair
Hanging at his quills point. For not a ſtream
Of Ink can write much leſs improve this Theam.
Invention higheſt wrought by grief or wit
Muſt ſink with him, and on his Tomb-ſtone ſplit.
Who, like the dying Sun, tells us the light
And glory of our Day ſet in his Night.

AN ELEGY

Upon S. W. R.

I Will not weep, for 'twere as great a ſin
To ſhed a tear for thee, as to have bin
An Actor in thy death. Thy life and age
Was but a various Scene on fortunes Stage,
With whom thou tugg'ſt &ſtrov'ſt ev'n out of breath
In thy long toil: nere maſter'd till thy death;
And then deſpight of trains and cruell wit,
Thou did'ſt at once ſubdue malice and it.

I dare not then ſo blaſt thy memory
As ſay I do lament or pity thee.
Were I to chooſe a ſubject to beſtow
My pity on, he ſhould be one as low
In ſpirit as deſert. That durſt not dy
But rather were content by ſlavery
To purchaſe life: or I would pity thoſe
Thy moſt induſtrious and friendly foes:
Who when they thought to make thee ſcandals ſtory
Lent thee a ſwifter flight to Heav'n and glory.

That thought by cutting off ſome wither'd dayes,
(praiſe;
(Which thou could'ſt ſpare them) to eclipſe thy
Yet gave it brighter foil, made thy ag'd fame
Appear more white and fair, then foul their ſhame
And did promote an Execution
Which (but for them) Nature and Age had done.

Such worthleſs things as theſe were onely born
To live on Pities almes (too mean for ſcorn.)
Thou dy'dſt an envious wonder, whoſe high fate
The world muſt ſtill admire, ſcarce imitate.

AN

AN ELEGY

Upon the L. Bishop of London John King.

SAd Relick of a blessed Soul! whose trust
We sealed up in this religious dust,
O do not thy low Exequies suspect
As the cheap arguments of our neglect.
'Twas a commanded duty that thy grave
As little pride as thou thy self should have.

Therefore thy covering is an humble stone,
And but a word * for thy inscription. *Resurgam.
When those that in the same earth neighbour thee,
Have each his Chronicle and Pedigree:
They have their waving pennons and their flagges,
(Of Matches and Alliance formal bragges.)
When thou (although from *Ancestors* thou came
Old as the *Heptarchy*, great as thy *Name*)
Sleep'st there inshrin'd in thy admired parts,
And hast no Heraldry but thy deserts.

Yet let not *Them* their prouder Marbles boaſt,
For *They* reſt with leſs honour, though more coſt.

Go, ſearch the world, and with your Mattox wound
The groaning boſom of the patient ground:
Digge from the hidden veins of her dark womb
All that is rare and precious for a tomb:
Yet when much treaſure, and more time is ſpent
You muſt grant *His* the nobler Monument.

Whoſe *Faith* ſtands ore *Him* for a *Hearſe*, and has
The *Reſurrection* for *His Epitaph*.

Upo

Upon the death of my ever desired friend Doctor Donne Dean of Pauls.

TO have liv'd eminent in a degreee
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is like thee;
Or t'have had too much merit is not ſafe;
For ſuch exceſſes find no Epitaph.
At common graves we have Poetick eyes
Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin itwith the Hatchments,to the Herſe:
But at thine, Poem or inſcription
(Rich Soul of wit and language:) we have none;
Indeed a ſilence does that Tomb beſit
Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
Widdow'd invention juſtly doth forbear
To come abroad knowing thou art not here,
Late her great Patron; whoſe prerogative
Maintain'd and cloth'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowre eſtate:
Or elſe that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy Urn.

Lives there to fright rude Empericks from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance:
Who ever writes of thee, and in a ſtyle
Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
Thy precious duſt, and wake a learned ſpirit
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
For all a low-pitcht fancie can deviſe,
Will prove at beſt but hallow'd injuries.

Thou, like the dying Swan, didſt lately ſing
Thy mournful Dirge in audience of the King;
When pale looks, and faint accents of thy breath,
Preſented ſo to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and propheſi'd by all
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.
O! hadſt thou in an Elegiack knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell;
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſure of thy griev'd retreat:
Thou might'ſt the Poets ſervice now have miſt,
As well as then thou didſt prevent the Prieſt:
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an Epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office. Nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such summes of wit,
Should'st now reborrow from her Bankrupt Mine
That Ore to bury thee, which once was thine.
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know
(Exalted Soul!) More glory 'tis to ow
Unto thy Herse what we can never pay,
Then with embased coin those Rites defray.

Commit we then Thee to Thy Self: nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thine own fame
Leave Thee Executour: since but thy own
No pen could do Thee Justice, nor Bayes crown
Thy vast desert; save that we nothing can
Depute to be thy ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art or Metal trust
To form the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

AN ELEGY

Upon the most victorious King of Sweden Gustavus Adolphus.

Like a cold fatal sweat which ushers death
My thoughts hang on me, & my lab'ring breath
Stopt up with sighs, my fancie big with woes,
Feels two twinn'd mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow one, t'other of sin;
For less let no one rate it to begin
Where honour ends. In Great *Gustavus* flame
That style burnt out, and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us. As when the stuff
That fed it failes, the Taper turns to snuff.
With this poor snuff, this ayerie shadow, we
Of Fame and Honour must contented be;
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substance is, now *He* is dead.

Speak it again, and louder, louder yet;
Else whil'st we hear the sound we shall forget

What

What it delivers. Let hoarſe rumor cry
Till ſhe ſo many ecchoes multiply,
Thoſe may like num'rous witneſſes confute
Our unbelieving ſoules, that would diſpute
And doubt this truth for ever. This one way
Is left our incredulity to ſway;
To waken our deaf ſenſe, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our fears;
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve,
At what we would not feign, but muſt believe.
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd,
Stooping with him, as if ſhe ſtrove to have
No lower Center now then *Swedens* grave.

O could not all thy purchas'd victories
Like to thy Fame thy Fleſh immortalize?
Were not thy vertue nor thy valour charmes
To guard thy body from thoſe outward harmes
Which could not reach thy ſoul? could not thy ſpirit
Lend ſomewhat which thy frailty might inherit
From thy diviner part, that Death nor Hate
Nor envy's bullets ere could penetrate?

Could

Could not thy early Trophies in ſtern fight
Torn from the *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Moſcovite*?
Which were thy triumphs ſeeds, as pledges ſown,
That when thy honours harveſt was ripe grown,
With full-ſumm'd wing thou Falcon-like wouldſt fly
And cuff the *Eagle* in the *German* sky:
Forcing his iron beak and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainſt thy victorious ſteel.
Could not all theſe protect thee? or prevaile
To fright that Coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battails in the face?
Alas they could not: Deſtiny gives place
To none; nor is it ſeen that Princes lives
Can ſaved be by their prerogatives.
No more was thine; who clos'd in thy cold lead,
Doſt from thy ſelf a mournful lecture read
Of Mans ſhort-dated glory: learn you Kings,
You are like him but penetrable things;
Though you from Demi-Gods derive your birth,
You are at beſt but honourable earth:
And howere ſifted from that courſer bran
Which does compound and knead the common man,
Nothing's immortal or from earth refin'd
About you, but your *Office* and your *Mind*.

Here

Here then break your false Glasses, which presente
You greater then your *Maker* ever meant:
Make truth your Mirrour now, since you find all
That flatter you confuted by his fall.

Yet since it was decreed thy lifes bright Sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black Obsequies
With greater glory set then others rise.
For in thy death, as life, thou heldest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the Circles drawn by Compass meet
Indivisibly joyned head to feet,
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once Circular and Infinite:
So did thy Fate and honour now contend
To match thy brave beginning with thy end.
Therefore thou hadst instead of Passing bells
The Drums and Cannons thunder for thy knells;
And in the Field thou did'st triumphing dy,
Closing thy eye-lids with a victory:
That so by thousands who there lost their breath
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death.

Liv'd

Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæsar tell,
He could make none but *Thee* his parallel;
Whose tide of glory swelling to the brim
Needs borrow no addition from *Him*.
When did great Julius in any Clime
Archieve so much and in so small a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt *Thou* in that land
Single for him and unexampled stand.
When ore the Germans first his Eagle tow'rd
What saw the Legions which on them he pour'd?
But massie bodies, made their swords to try
Subjects not for his fight *, but slavery.
In that so vast expanded peece of ground
(Now Swedens Theater and Tomb) he found
Nothing worth *Cæsars* valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring Army, nor a *Tilley* there,
Whose strength nor wiles, nor practice in the warre
Might the fierce Torrent of thy triumphs barre,
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.

Besides the *Romane* thought he had done much
Did he the bank of *Rhenus* onely touch.

* *Magis triumphati quam victi.* Tacit. de mor. Ger.

But

But though his march was bounded by the *Rhine*
Not *Oder* nor the *Danube Thee* confine;
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadſt thy conqueſts ſtrecht to ſuch extent,
Thou might'ſt *Vienna* reach, and after ſpan
From *Mulda* to the *Baltick Ocean*.

But death hath ſpann'd thee: nor muſt we divine
What heir thou leav'ſt to finiſh thy deſign,
Or who ſhall thee ſucceed as Champion
For liberty and for religion.

Thy task is done; as in a Watch the ſpring
Wound to the height, relaxes with the ſtring:
So thy ſteel nerves of conqueſt, from their ſteep
Aſcent declin'd, lie ſlackt in thy laſt ſleep.

Reſt then triumphant ſoul! for ever reſt!
And, like the Phœnix in her ſpicy neſt,
Embalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
Born in a cloud of perfume to the ſky.
Whil'ſt, as in deathleſs Urnes, each noble mind
Treaſures thy aſhes which are left behind.

And if perhaps no *Cassiopiæn* spark
(Which in the North did thy first rising mark)
Shine ore thy Herse: the breath of our just praise
Shall to the Firmament thy vertues raise;
Then fix, and kindle them into a Starre,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious warre.

——— *O Famâ ingens ingentior armis*
Rex Gustave, quibus Cœlo te laudibus æquem?

Virgil. Æneid. *lib.* 2.

To

To my Noble and Judicious Friend Sir Henry Blount upon his Voyage.

SIR, I must ever own my self to be
Possest with humane curiositie
Of seeing all that might the sense invite
By those two baits of profit and delight:
And since I had the wit to understand
The terms of Native or of forreign land;
I have had strong and oft desires to tread
Some of those voyages which I have read.
Yet still so fruitless have my wishes prov'd,
That from my Countreys smoke I never mov'd:
Nor ever had the fortune (though design'd)
To satisfie the wandrings of my mind.
Therefore at last I did with some content,
Beguile my self in time, which others spent;
Whose art to Provinces small lines allots,
And represents large Kingdomes but in spots.
Thus by *Ortelius* and *Mercators* aid
Through most of the discover'd world I strai'd.

I could with eaſe double the *Southern Cape*,
And in my paſſage *Affricks* wonders take:
Then with a ſpeed propor tion'd to the Scale
Northward again, as high as *Zemla* ſayl.
Oft hath the travel of my eye outrun
(Though I ſat ſtill) the journey of the Sun:
Yet made an end, ere his declining beams
Did nightly quench themſelves in *Thetis* ſtreams.
Oft have I gone through Ægypt in a day,
Not hinder'd by the droughts of Lybia;
In which, for lack of water tides of ſand
By a dry deluge overflow the land.
There I the *Pyramids* and *Cairo* ſee,
Still famous for the warres of *Tomombee*,
And its own greatneſs; whoſe immured fence
Takes fourty miles in the circumference.
Then without guide, or ſtronger Caravan
Which might ſecure the wild Arabian,
Back through the ſcorched Deſarts paſs, to ſeek
Once the worlds Lord, now the beſlaved *Greek*,
Made by a *Turkiſh* yoak and fortunes hate
In language as in mind, degenerate.

And

And here all wrapt in pity and amaze
I ſtand, whil'ſt I upon the Sultan gaze;
To think how he with pride and rapine fir'd
So vaſt a Territory hath acquir'd;
And by what daring ſteps he did become
The Aſian fear, and ſcourge of Chriſtendome:
How he atchiev'd, and kept, and by what arts
He did concenter thoſe divided parts;
And how he holds that monſtrous bulk in aw,
By ſetled rules of tyrannie, not Law:
So Rivers large and rapid ſtreams began,
Swelling from drops into an Ocean.

Sure who ere ſhall the juſt extraction bring
Of this Gigantick power from the ſpring;
Muſt there confeſs a higher Ordinance
Did it for terrour to the earth advance.
For mark how 'mongſt a lawleſs ſtraggling crew
Made up of *Arab*, *Saracen*, and *Jew*,
The worlds diſturber, faithleſs *Mahomet*
Did by Impoſtures an opinion get:
O're whom he firſt uſurps as Prince, and than
As Prophet does obtrude his *Alcoran*.

Next, how fierce *Ottoman* his claim made good
From that unblest Religion, by blood;
Whil'st he the Eastern Kingdomes did deface,
To make their ruine his proud Empires base.
Then like a Comet blazing in the skies,
How Death-portending *Amurath* did rise,
When he his horned Crescents did display
Upon the fatal Plains of *Servia*;
And farther still his sanguin tresses spread,
Till *Croya* Life and Conquests limited.
Lastly, how *Mahomet* thence styl'd the *Great*,
Made *Constantines* his own Imperial Seat;
After that he in one victorious bond
Two Empires grasp't, of *Greece* and *Trabezond*.

This, and much more then this, I gladly read,
Where my relators it had storyed;
Besides that Peoples Manners and their Rites,
Their warlike discipline and order'd fights;
Their desp'rate valour, hardned by the sence
Of unavoided Fate and Providence:
Their habit, and their houses, who confer
Less cost on them then on their Sepulchre:

Their frequent washings, and the several Bath
Each *Meschit* to it self annexed hath:
What honour they unto the *Mufty* give,
What to the *Soveraign* under whom they live:
What quarter Christians have; how just and free
To inoffensive Travellers they be:
Though I confess, like stomacks fed with news,
I took them in for wonder, not for use,
Till your experienc'd and authentick pen
Taught me to know the places and the men;
And made all those suspected truths become
Undoubted now, and cleer as Axiom.

Sir, for this work more then my thanks is due;
I am at once inform'd and cur'd by you.
So that, were I assur'd I should live o're
My periods of time run out before;
Nere needed my erratick wish transport
Me from my Native lists to that resort,
Where many at outlandish Marts unlade
Ingenuous manners, and do onely trade
For vices and the language. By your eyes
I here have made my full discoveries;

And all your Countreys ſo exactly ſeen,
As in the voyage I had ſharer been.
By this you make me ſo; and the whole land
Your debtour: which can onely underſtand
How much ſhe owes you, when her ſons ſhall try
The ſolid depths of your rare hiſtory,
Which looks above our gadders trivial reach,
The Common Place of travellers, who teach
But Table-talk; and ſeldomly aſpire
Beyond the Countres Dyet or Attire;
Whereas your piercing judgement does relate
The Policy and Manage of each State.
And ſince ſhe muſt here without envy grant
That you have further journey'd the *Levant*
Then any noble ſpirit by her bred
Hath in your way as yet adventured;
I cannot leſs in juſtice from her look,
Then that ſhe henceforth Canonize your book
A Rule to all her travellers, and you
The brave example; from whoſe equal view
Each knowing Reader may himſelf direct,
How he may go abroad to ſome effect,
And not for form: what diſtance and what truſt
In thoſe remoter parts obſerve he muſt:

How

How he with jealous people may converſe,
Yet take no hurt himſelf by that commerce.
So when he ſhall imbark'd in dangers be,
Which wit and wary caution not foreſee;
If he partake your valour and your brain,
He may perhaps come ſafely off again,
As you have done; though not ſo richly fraught
As this return hath to our Staple brought.

I know your modeſty ſhuns vulgar praiſe,
And I have none to bring: but onely raiſe
This monument of Honour and of Love,
Which your long known deſerts ſo far improve,
They leave me doubtfull in what ſtyle to end,
Whether more your admirer or your friend.

To my honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys.

IT is, Sir, a confeſt intruſion here
That I before your labours do appear,
Which no loud Herald need, that may proclaim
Or ſeek acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much leſs that ſhould this happy work commend,
Whoſe ſubject is its licence, and doth ſend
It to the world to be receiv'd and read,
Far as the glorious beams of truth are ſpread.

Nor let it be imagin'd that I look
Onely with Cuſtomes eye upon your book;
Or in this ſervice that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your perſon from your argument:
I ſhall profeſs much of the love I ow,
Doth from the root of our extraction grow;
To which though I can little contribute,
Yet with a naturall joy I muſt impute
To our Tribes honou, what by you is done
Worthy the title of a *Prelates* ſon.

And ſcarcely have two brothers farther borne
A Fathers name, or with more value worne
Their own, then two of you; whoſe pens and feet
Have made the diſtant Points of Heav'n to meet;
He by exact diſcoveries of the * Weſt,
Your ſelf by painful travels in the Eaſt.

*Sr. Edwin Sandys ſurvay of religion in the Weſt.

Some more like you might pow'rfully confute
Th'oppoſers of Prieſts marriage by the fruit.
And (ſince tis known for all their ſtreight vow'd life,
They like the ſex in any ſtyle but wife)
Cauſe them to change their Cloyſter for that State
Which keeps men chaſte by vowes legitimate:
Nor ſhame to father their relations,
Or under Nephews names diſguiſe their ſons.
This Child of yours born without ſpurious blot,
And fairly Midwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth ſo much of the Parents goodneſs wear,
You may be proud to own it for your Heir.
Whoſe choice acquits you from the common ſin
Of ſuch, who finiſh worſe then they begin:
You mend upon your ſelf, and your laſt ſtrain
Does of your firſt the ſtart in judgment gain;

Since what in curious travel was begun,
You here conclude in a devotion.

Where in delightful raptures we descry
As in a Map, *Sions Chorography*
Laid out in so direct and smooth a line,
Men need not go about through Palestine:
Who seek Christ here will the streight Rode prefer,
As neerer much then by the Sepulchre.
For not a limb growes here, but is a path;
Which in Gods City the blest Center hath:
And doth so sweetly on each passion strike,
The most fantastick taste will somewhat like.
Job. To the unquiet soul *Job* still from hence
Pleads in th'example of his patience.
Ecclesiastes The mortify'd may hear the wise King preach,
When his repentance made him fit to teach.
The Act of Parliament for publick thanksgiving on the 5th of Novemb. set to tune by Nor shall the singing Sisters be content
To chant at home the Act of Parliament,
Turn'd out of reason into rhime by one
Free of his trade, though not of Helicon,
Who did in his Poetick zeal contend
Others edition by a worse to mend.

I. Dod a tradesman of London, at the end of his Psalmes, which stole from the Press Anno Domini 1620.

Here

Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the glad, *Hymns*
With melancholy Dirges for the ſad: *Lament at.*
And *David* (as he could his skill transfer) *Pſalmes.*
Speaks like himſelf by an interpreter.
Your Muſe rekindled hath the Prophets fire,
And tun'd the ſtrings of his neglected Lyre;
Making the Note and Ditty ſo agree,
They now become a perfect harmonie.

I muſt confeſs, I have long wiſht to ſee
The Pſalmes reduc'd to this conformity:
Grieving the ſongs of Sion ſhould be ſung
In phraſe not diff'ring from a barbarous tongue.
As if, by cuſtome warranted, we may
Sing that to God we would be loth to ſay.
Far be it from my purpoſe to upbraid
Their honeſt meaning, who firſt offer made
That book in Meeter to compile, which you
Have mended in the form, and built anew:
And it was well, conſidering the time,
Which hardly could diſtinguiſh verſe and rhime.
But now the language, like the Church, hath won
More luſtre ſince the Reformation;

None

None can condemn the wish or labour spent
Good matter in good words to represent.

Yet in this jealous age some such there be,
So without cause afraid of novelty,
They would not (were it in their pow'r to choose)
An old ill practise for a better lose.
Men who a rustick plainnesse so affect,
They think God served best by their neglect.
Holding the cause would be profan'd by it,
Were they at charge of learning or of wit.
And therefore bluntly (what comes next) they bring
Course and unstudy'd stuffs for offering;
Which like th'old Tabernacles cov'ring are,
Made up of Badgers skins, and of Goats haire.
But these are Paradoxes they must use
Their sloth and bolder ignorance t'excuse.
Who would not laugh at one will naked go,
'Cause in old hangings truth is pictur'd so?
Though plainness be reputed honours note,
They mantles use to beautify the coat;
So that a curious (unaffected) dress
Addes much unto the bodies comelinesse:

And

And whereſoere the ſubjects beſt, the ſence
Is better'd by the ſpeakers eloquence.

But, Sir, to you I ſhall no trophee raiſe
From other mens detraction or diſpraiſe:
That Jewel never had inherent worth,
Which askt ſuch foils as theſe to ſet it forth.
If any quarrel your attempt or ſtyle,
Forgive them; their own folly they revile.
Since, 'gainſt themſelves, their factious envy ſhall
Allow this work of yours Canonicall.
Nor may you fear the Poets common lot,
Read, and commended, and then quite forgot:
The brazen Mines and Marble Rocks ſhall waſt,
When your foundation will unſhaken laſt.
'Tis fames beſt pay, that you your labours ſee
By their immortal ſubject crowned be.
For nere was writer in oblivion hid
Who firm'd his name on ſuch a Pyramid.

The Woes of Esay.

WOe to the worldly men whose covetous
Ambition labours to joyn house to house,
Lay field to field, till their inclosures edge
The Plain, girdling a countrey with one hedge:
That leave no place unbought, no piece of earth
Which they will not ingross, making a dearth
Of all inhabitants, untill they stand
Unneighbour'd as unblest within their land.

This sin cryes in Gods ear, who hath decreed
The ground they sow shall not return the seed.
They that unpeopled countreys to create
Themselves sole Lords, made many desolate
To build up their own house, shall find at last
Ruine and fearful desolation cast
Upon themselves. Their Mansion shall become
A Desart, and their Palace prove a tombe.
Their vines shall barren be, their land yield tares;
Their house shall have no dwellers, they no heires.

Woe

Woe unto thoſe that with the morning Sun
Riſe to drink wine, and ſit till he have run
His weary courſe; not ceaſing untill night
Have quencht their underſtanding with the light:
Whoſe raging thirſt, like fire, will not be tam'd,
The more they poure the more they are inflam'd.
Woe unto them that onely mighty are
To wage with wine; in which unhappy war
They who the glory of the day have won,
Muſt yield them foil'd and vanquiſht by the tun.
Men that live thus, as if they liv'd in jeſt,
Fooling their time with Muſick and a feaſt;
That did exile all ſounds from their ſoft ear
But of the harp, muſt this ſad diſcord hear
Compos'd in threats. The feet which meaſures tread
Shall in captivity be fettered:
Famine ſhall ſcourge them for their vaſt exceſs;
And Hell revenge their monſtrous drunkenneſs;
Which hath enlarg'd it ſelf to ſwallow ſuch,
(much
Whoſe throats nere knew enough, though ſtill too

Woe unto thoſe that countenance a ſin,
Siding with vice that it may credit win.

By

By their unhallow'd vote: that do benight
The truth with errour, putting dark for light,
And light for dark; that call an evil good,
And would by vice have vertue understood:
That with their frown can sowre an honest cause,
Or sweeten any bad by their applause.
That justify the wicked for reward;
And void of morall goodness or regard,
Plot with detraction to traduce the fame
Of him whose merit hath enroll'd his name
Among the just. Therefore Gods vengeful ire
Glows on his people, and becomes a fire
Whose greedy and exalted flame shall burn,
Till they like straw or chaffe to nothing turn.
Because they have rebell'd against the right,
To God and Law perversly opposite,
As Plants which Sun nor showres did ever bless,
So shall their root convert to rottenness;
And their successions bud, in which they trust,
Shall (like *Gomorrahs* fruit) moulder to dust.

Woe unto those that drunk with self-conceit,
Value their own designs at such a rate

Which

Which humane wisdome cannot reach; that sit
Enthron'd, as sole Monopolists of wit:
That out-look reason, and suppose the eye
Of Nature blind to their discovery,
Whil'st they a title make to understand
What ever secret's bosom'd in the land.
But God shall imp their pride, and let them see
They are but fools in a sublime degree:
He shall bring down and humble those proud eyes,
In which false glasses onely they lookt wise:
That all the world may laugh, and learn by it,
There is no folly to pretended wit.

Woe unto those that draw iniquity
With cords, and by a vain security
Lengthen the sinful trace, till their own chain
Of many links form'd by laborious pain,
Do pull them into Hell; that as with lines
And Cart-ropes drag on their unwilling crimes:
Who, rather then they will commit no sin,
Tempt all occasions to let it in.
As if there were no God, who must exact
The strict account for e'ry vicious fact;

Nor

Nor judgement after death. If any be,
Let him make ſpeed (ſay they) that we may ſee.
Why is his work retarded by delay?
Why doth himſelf thus linger on the way?
If there be any judge, or future doome,
Let It and Him with ſpeed together come.

Unhappy men, that challenge and defie
The coming of that dreadful Majeſtie!
Better by much for you, he did reverſe
His purpos'd ſentence on the Univerſe;
Or that the creeping minutes might adjourn
Thoſe flames in which you with the earth muſt burn;
That times revolting hand could lag the year,
And ſo put back his day which is too near.

Behold his ſign's advanc'd like colours fly,
To tell the world that his approch is nigh;
And in a furious march, he's coming on
Swift as the raging inundation,
To ſcowre the ſinful world; 'gainſt which is bent
Artillery that never can be ſpent: (darts
Bowes ſtrung with vengeance, and flame-feather'd
Headed with death, to wound tranſgreſſing hearts

Ha

His Chariot wheeles wrapt in the whirlewinds gyre,
His horſes hoov'd with flint, and ſhod with fire:
In which amaze where ere they fix their eye,
Or on the melting earth, or upon high
To ſeek Heavens ſhrunk lights, nothing ſhall appear
But night and horrour in their Hemiſphere:
Nor ſhall th'affrighted ſence more objects know
Then darkned skies above, and Hell below.

An Eſſay on Death and a Priſon.

A Priſon is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better priviledges have
Then dead men, nor ſo good. The ſoul once fled
Lives freer now, then when ſhe was cloyſtered
In walls of fleſh; and though ſhe organs want
To act her ſwift deſigns, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now ſeparate,
Then if the ſame conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had ſtood in force,
Uncapable of death, or of divorce:
But an impriſon'd mind, though living, dies,
And at one time feels two captivities;
A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
But narrower body which her ſelf enfolds.
Whil'ſt I in priſon ly, nothing is free,
Nothing enlarg'd but thought and miſerie;
Though e'ry chink be ſtopt, the doors cloſe barr'd,
Deſpight of walls and locks, through e'ry ward
Theſe have their iſſues forth; may take the aire,
Though not for health, but onely to compare

How

How wretched thoſe men are who freedom want,
By ſuch as never ſuffer'd a reſtraint.
In which unquiet travel could I find
Ought that might ſettle my diſtemper'd mind,
Or of ſome comfort make diſcovery
It were a voyage well imploy'd: but I,
Like our raw travellers that croſs the ſeas
To fetch home faſhions or ſome worſe diſeaſe,
Inſtead of quiet a new torture bring
Home t'afflict me, malice and murmuring.
What is't I envy not? no dog nor fly
But my deſires prefer, and wiſh were I;
For they are free, or if they were like me,
They had no ſenſe to know calamitie.
But in the grave no ſparks of envy live,
No hot compariſons that cauſes give
Of quarrel, or that our affections move
Any condition, ſave their own, to love.
There are no objects there but ſhades and night,
And yet that darkneſs better then the light.
There lives a ſilent harmony, no jar
Or diſcord can that ſweet ſoft conſort mar.
The graves deaf ear is clos'd againſt all noiſe
Save that which rocks muſt hear, the angels voice:

Whose trump shall wake the world, and raise up men
Who in earths bosom slept, bed-rid till then. (bers,
What man then would, who on deaths pillow slum-
Be re-inspir'd with life, though golden numbers
Of bliss were pour'd into his breast; though he
Were sure in change to gain a Monarchie?
A Monarchs glorious state compar'd with his,
Less safe, less free, less firm, less quiet is.
For nere was any Prince advanc't so high
That he was out of reach of misery:
Never did story yet a law report
To banish fate or sorrow from his Court;
Where ere he moves by land, or through the Main,
These go along sworn members of his train.
But he whom the kind earth hath entertain'd,
Hath in her womb a sanctuary gain'd,
Whose charter and protection arm him so,
That he is priviledg'd from future woe.
The Coffin's a safe harbour, where he rides
Land-bound, below cross windes, or churlish tides.
For grief, sprung up with life, was mans half-brother
Fed by the taste, brought forth by sin, the mother.
And since the first seduction of the wife,
God did decree to grief a lease for life;

Which

Which Patent in full force continue muſt,
Till man that diſobey'd revert to duſt.
So that lifes ſorrows ratifi'd by God
Cannot expire, or find their period,
Untill the ſoul and body diſunite,
And by two diff'rent wayes from each take flight.
But they diſſolved once our woes disband,
Th'aſſurance cancell'd by one fatall hand;
Soon as the paſſing bell proclaims me dead,
My ſorrows ſink with me, lye buried
In the ſame heap of duſt, the ſelf-ſame Urn
Doth them and me alike to nothing turn.
If then of theſe I might election make
Whether I would refuſe, and whether take,
Rather then like a ſullen Anchorite
I would live cas'd in ſtone, and learn to write
A *Priſoners ſtory*, which might ſteal ſome tears
From the ſad eyes of him that reads or hears;
Give me a peaceful death, and let me meet
My freedom ſeal'd up in my winding ſheet.
Death is the pledge of reſt, and with one bayl
Two Priſons quits, the Body and the Jayl.

The Labyrinth.

LIfe is a crooked Labyrinth, and we
Are daily loſt in that Obliquity.
'Tis a perplexed circle, in whoſe round
Nothing but ſorrows and new ſins abound.
How is the faint impreſſion of each good
Drown'd in the vicious Channel of our blood?
Whoſe Ebbes and tides by their viciſſitude
Both our great Maker and our ſelves delude.

O wherefore is the moſt diſcerning eye
Unapt to make its own diſcovery?
Why is the cleareſt and beſt judging mind
In her own ills prevention dark and blind?
Dull to adviſe, to act precipitate,
We ſcarce think what to do but when too late.
Or if we think, that fluid thought, like ſeed
Rots there to propagate ſome fouler deed.
Still we repent and ſin, ſin and repent;
We thaw and freeze, we harden and relent.
Thoſe fires which cool'd to day the morrows heat
Rekindles. Thus frail nature does repeat

What

What she unlearnt, and still by learning on
Perfects her lesson of confusion.

Sick soul! what cure shall I for thee devise,
Whose leprous state corrupts all remedies?
What medicine or what cordial can be got
For thee, who poyson'st thy best antidot?
Repentance is thy bane, since thou by it
Onely reviv'st the fault thou didst commit.
Nor griev'st thou for the past, but art in pain
For fear thou mayst not act it o're again.
So that thy tears, like water spilt on lime,
Serve not to quench, but to advance the crime.

My blessed Saviour! unto thee I flie
For help against this homebred tyrannie.
Thou canst true sorrows in my soul imprint,
And draw contrition from a breast of flint.
Thou canst reverse this labyrinth of sin
My wild affects and actions wander in.
O guide my faith! and by thy graces clew
Teach me to hunt that kingdom at the view (last,
Where true joyes reign, which like their day shall
Those never clouded, nor that overcast.

Being waked out of my ſleep by a ſnuff of Candle which offended me, I thus thought.

PErhaps 'twas but conceit. Erroneous ſence!
Thou art thine own diſtemper and offence.'
Imagine then, that ſick unwholſom ſteam
Was thy corruption breath'd into a dream.
Nor is it ſtrange, when we in charnells dwell,
That all our thoughts of earth and frailty ſmell.

Man is a Candle, whoſe unhappy light
Burns in the day, and ſmothers in the night.
And as you ſee the dying taper waſte,
By ſuch degrees does he to darkneſs haſte.

Here is the diff'rence: When our bodies lamps
Blinded by age, or choakt with mortall damps,
Now faint and dim and ſickly 'gin to wink,
And in their hollow ſockets lowly ſink;
When all our vital fires ceaſing to burn,
Leave nought but ſnuff and aſhes in our Urn:
God will reſtore thoſe fallen lights again,
And kindle them to an Eternal flame.

Sic

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the freſh ſprings gawdy hew;
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water ſtood;
Even ſuch is man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to night.

The Wind blowes out; the Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is ſhot;
The Flight is paſt; and Man forgot.

My

My Midnight Meditation.

ILL buſi'd man! why ſhould'ſt thou take ſuch care
To lengthen out thy lifes ſhort Kalendar?
When e'ry ſpectacle thou look'ſt upon
Preſents and acts thy execution.
Each drooping ſeaſon and each flower doth cry,
Fool! as I fade and wither, thou muſt dy.

The beating of thy pulſe (when thou art well)
Is juſt the tolling of thy Paſſing Bell:
Night is thy Hearſe, whoſe ſable Canopie
Covers alike deceaſed day and thee.
And all thoſe weeping dewes which nightly fall,
Are but the tears ſhed for thy funerall.

A Penitential Hymne.

HEarken O God unto a Wretches cryes
Who low dejected at thy footstool lies.
Let not the clamour of my heinous sin
Drown my requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright gates, which alwaies open stand
To such as beg remission at thy hand.

Too well I know, if thou in rigour deal
I can nor pardon ask, nor yet appeal:
To my hoarse voice, heaven will no audience grant,
But deaf as brass, and hard as adamant
Beat back my words; therefore I bring to thee
A gracious *Advocate* to plead for me.

What though my leprous soul no *Jordan* can
Recure, nor flouds of the lav'd Ocean
Make clean? yet from my Saviours bleeding side
Two large and medicinable rivers glide.
Lord, wash me where those streams of life abound,
And new *Bethesdaes* flow from ev'ry wound.

If

If I this precious Lather may obtain,
I ſhall not then deſpair for any ſtain;
I need no *Gileads* balm, nor oyl, nor ſhall
I for the purifying Hyſſop call:
My ſpots will vaniſh in *His* purple flood, (blood,
And *Crimſon* there turn *white*, though waſht with

See Lord! with broken heart and bended knee,
How I addreſs my humble ſuit to Thee;
O give that ſuit admittance to thy ears
Which floats to thee not in my words but tears:
And let my ſinful ſoul this mercy crave
Before I fall into the ſilent grave.

AN ELEGY
Occasioned by sickness.

WEll did the Prophet ask, *Lord what is man?*
Implying by the question none can
But God resolve the doubt, much less define
What Elements this child of dust combine.

Man is a stranger to himself, and knowes
Nothing so naturally as his woes.
He loves to travel countreys, and confer
The sides of Heavens vast Diameter:
Delights to sit in Nile or Bœtis lap,
Before he hath sayl'd over his own Map;
By which means he returnes, his travel spent,
Less knowing of himself then when he went.
Who knowledge hunt kept under forrein locks,
May bring home wit to hold a Paradox,
Yet be fools still. Therefore might I advise,
I would inform the soul before the eyes:
Make man into his proper Opticks look,
And so become the student and the book

With

With his conception, his first leaf, begin;
What is he there but complicated sin?
When riper time, and the approaching birth
Ranks him among the creatures of the earth,
His wailing mother sends him forth to greet
The light, wrapt in a bloudy winding sheet;
As if he came into the world to crave
No place to dwell in, but bespeak a grave.

Thus like a red and tempest-boading morn
His dawning is: for being newly born
He hayles th'ensuing storm with shrieks and cryes,
And fines for his admission with wet eyes:

How should that Plant whose leaf is bath'd in tears
Bear but a bitter fruit in elder years?
Just such is this, and his maturer age
Teems with event more sad then the presage.
For view him higher, when his childhoods span
Is raised up to Youths Meridian;
When he goes proudly laden with the fruit
Which health, or strength, or beauty contribute;
Yet as the mounted Canon batters down
The Towres and goodly structures of a town:

So

So one ſhort ſickneſs will his force defeat,
And his frail Cittadell to rubbiſh beat.
How does a dropſie melt him to a floud,
Making each vein run water more then bloud?
A Chollick wracks him like a Northern guſt,
And raging feavers crumble him to duſt.
In which unhappy ſtate he is made worſe
By his diſeaſes then his makers curſe.
God ſaid in *toyl and ſweat* he ſhould earn bread,
And without labour not be nouriſhed:
Here, though like ropes of falling dew, his ſweat
Hangs on his lab'ring brow, he cannot eat.

Thus are his ſins ſcourg'd in oppoſed themes,
And luxuries reveng'd by their extremes.
He who in health could never be content
With Rarities fetcht from each Element,
Is now much more afflicted to delight
His taſteleſs Palate, and loſt appetite.

Beſides though God ordain'd, that with the light
Man ſhould begin his work, yet he made night
For his repoſe, in which the weary ſenſe
Repaires it ſelf by reſts ſoft recompence.

But

But now his watchful nights, and troubled dayes
Confused heaps of fear and fancy raise.
His chamber seems a loose and trembling mine;
His Pillow quilted with a Porcupine:
Pain makes his downy Couch sharp thornes appear,
And ev'ry feather prick him like a spear.
Thus when all forms of death about him keep,
He copies death in any form but sleep.

Poor walking-clay! hast thou a mind to know
To what unblest beginnings thou dost ow
Thy wretched self? fall sick a while, and than
Thou wilt conceive the pedigree of Man.
Learn shalt thou from thine own Anatomie,
That earth his mother, wormes his sisters be.
That he's a short-liv'd vapour upward wrought,
And by corruption unto nothing brought.
A stagg'ring Meteor by cross Planets beat,
Which often reeles and falles before his set:
A tree which withers faster then it growes;
A torch puff't out by ev'ry wind that blowes;
A web of fourty weekes spun forth in pain,
And in a moment ravell'd out again.

This

This is the Model of frail man: Then say
That his duration's onely for a day:
And in that day more fits of changes paſs,
Then Atomes run in the turn'd Hower-glaſs.

So that th'inceſſant cares which life invade
Might for ſtrong truth their hereſie perſwade,
Who did maintain that humane ſoules are ſent
Into the body for their puniſhment:
At leaſt with that Greek Sage ſtill make us cry,
*Not to be born, or being born to dy.

* *Non naſci, aut quàm citiſſimè mori.*

But Faith ſteers up to a more glorious ſcope,
Which ſweetens our ſharp paſſage; and firm hope
Anchors our torne Barks on a bleſſed ſhore,
Beyond the Dead ſea we here ferry o're.
To this, Death is our Pilot, and diſeaſe
The Agent which ſolicites our releaſe.

Though croſſes then poure on my reſtleſs head,
Or lingring ſickneſs nail me to my bed:
Let this my Thoughts eternall comfort bee,
That my clos'd eyes a better light ſhall ſee.

And when by fortunes or by natures ſtroke
My bodies earthen Pitcher muſt be broke,
My Soul, like Gideons lamp, from her cracke urn
Shall Deaths black night to endleſſe luſtre turn.

The Dirge.

WHat is th'Exiſtence of Mans life?
But open war, or ſlumber'd ſtrife.
Where ſickneſs to his ſenſe preſents
The combat of the Elements:
And never feels a perfect Peace
Till deaths cold hand ſigns his releaſe.

It is a ſtorm where the hot blood
Out-vies in rage the boyling flood;
And each loud Paſſion of the mind
Is like a furious guſt of wind,
Which beats his Bark with many a Wave
Till he caſts Anchor in the Grave.

It is a flower which buds and growes,
And withers as the leaves diſcloſe;
Whoſe ſpring and fall faint ſeaſons keep,
Like fits of waking before ſleep:
Then ſhrinks into that fatal mold
Where its firſt being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth:
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandring as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a Diall, which poines out
The Sun-set as it moves about:
And shadowes out in lines of night
The subtile stages of times flight;
Till all obscurity earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary circulde
Which doth short joyes, long woes include.
The World the Stage, the Prologue tears,
The Acts vain hope, and vary'd feares:
The Scene shuts up with losse of breath,
And leaves no Epilogue but Death.

AN ELEGY

Occasioned by the losse of the most incomparable Lady Stanhope, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland.

LIghtned by that dimme Torch our sorrow bear,
We sadly trace thy Coffin with our tears;
And though the Ceremonious Rites are past
Since thy fair body into earth was cast;
Though all thy Hatchments into rugges are torne,
Thy Funerall Robes and Ornaments outworn;
We still thy mourners without Show or Art,
With solemn Blacks hung round about our heart,
Thus constantly the Obsequies renew
Which to thy precious memory are due.

Yet think not that we rudely would invade
The dark recess of thine untroubled shade,
Or give disturbance to that happy peace
Which thou enjoy'st at full since thy release;
Much less in sullen murmurs do complain
Of His decree who took thee back again,

And did e're Fame had ſpread thy vertues light,
Eclipſe and fold thee up in endleſs night.
This like an act of envy not of grief
Might doubt thy bliſs, and ſhake our own belief,
Whoſe ſtudi'd wiſhes no proportion bear
With joyes which crown thee now in glories ſphere.

Know then bleſt Soul! we for our ſelves not thee
Seal our woes dictate by this Elegie:
Wherein our tears united in one ſtreame
Shall to ſucceeding times convey this theme,
Worth all mens pity who diſcern how rare
Such early growths of fame and goodneſs are.
Of theſe part muſt thy ſexes loſs bewail
Maim'd in her nobleſt Patterns through thy fail;
For 'twould require a double term of life
To match thee as a daughter or a wife:
Both which Northumberlands dear loſs improve
And make his ſorrow equal to his love.
The reſt fall for our ſelves, who caſt behind
Cannot yet reach the Peace which thou doſt find;
But ſlowly follow thee in that dull ſtage
Which moſt untimely poaſted hence thy age.

Thus

Thus like religious Pilgrims who deſigne
A ſhort ſalute to their beloved Shrine,
Moſt ſad and humble Votaries we come
To offer up our ſighs upon thy Tomb,
And wet thy Marble with our dropping eyes
Which till the ſpring which feeds their current dries
Reſolve each falling night and riſing day
This mournfull homage at thy Grave to pay.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 2. The Pink never wrote by the Author of theſe Poems. *Pag.* 22. *lin.* 8. *for* ſhe *read* air. *Pag.* 100. *lin.* 3. *for* Mattox *read* Mattocks.

AN

ELEGY

Upon my Best Friend

L. K. C.

SHould we our Sorrows in this Method range,
Oft as Misfortune doth their Subjects change,
And to the sev'ral Losses which befall,
Pay diff'rent Rites at ev'ry Funeral;
Like narrow Springs drain'd by dispersed Streams,
We must want Tears to wail such various Themes,
And prove defective in Deaths mournfull Laws,
Not having Words proportion'd to each Cause.
In your Dear loss my much afflicted Sense,
Discerns this Truth by sad experience,

Who never Look'd my Verſes ſhould ſurvive,
As wet Records, That you are not Alive;
And leſs deſir'd to make that Promiſe due,
Which paſs'd from Me in jeſt, when urg'd by You.
How cloſe and ſlily doth our Frailty work!
How undiſcover'd in the Body lurk!
That Thoſe who this Day did ſalute you well,
Before the Next were frighted by your Knell.
O wherefore ſince we muſt in Order riſe,
Should we not Fall in equal Obſequies?
But bear th' Aſſaults of an uneven Fate,
Like Feavers which their Hour anticipate;
Had this Rule conſtant been, my long wiſh'd End
Might render you a Mourner for your Friend:
As He for yo', whoſe moſt deplor'd ſurpriſe
Imprints your Death on all my Facalties;
That hardly my dark Phant'ſie or Diſcourſe,
This final Duty from the Pen inforce:
Such Influence hath your Eclipſed Light,
It doth my Reaſon like my Self benight.
Let me, with Luckleſs Gameſters, then think beſt
(After I have Set up and Loſt my Reſt,)
Grow'n deſp'rate through miſchance, to Venture laſt
My whole remaining Stock upon a Caſt,
And flinging from me my now Loathed Pen,
Reſolve for your Sake nev'r to Write agen:

For

For whilſt Succeſſive days their Light renew,
I muſt no Subject hope to Equal you,
In whoſe Heroick Breſt as in their Sphear,
All Graces of your Sex concentred were.
Thus take I my long Farewell of that Art,
Fit only glorious Actions to impart;
That Art wherewith our Croſſes we beguile,
And make them in Harmonious numbers ſmile:
Since you are gone, This holds no further uſe,
Whoſe Virtue and Deſert inſpir'd my Muſe.
O may She in your Aſhes Buried be,
Whilſt I my Self become the Elegie.
And as it is obſerv'd when Princes Dye,
In honour of that ſad Solemnity,
The now unoffic'd Servants crack their Staves,
And throw them down into their Maſters Graves:
So this laſt Office of my broken Verſe,
I ſolemnly reſign upon your Hearſe;
And my Brains moiſture, all that is unſpent,
Shall melt to nothing at the Monument.
Thus in moiſt Weather when the Marble weeps,
You'l think it only his Tears reck'ning keeps,
Who doth for ever to his Thoughts bequeath
The Legacy of your lamented Death.

On the Earl of Essex.

Essex twice made unhappy by a Wife,
Yet Marry'd worse unto the Peoples strife:
He who by two Divorces did untie
His Bond of Wedlock and of Loyalty:
Who was by Easiness of Nature bred,
To lead that Tumult which first Him misled;
Yet had some glimm'ring Sparks of Virtue lent
To see (though late) his Errour, and Repent:
Essex lies here, like an inverted Flame,
Hid in the Ruins of his House and Name;
And as He, frailties sad Example, lies,
Warns the Survivours in his Exequies.
He shews what wretched bubbles Great Men are,
Through their Ambition grown too Popular:
For they Built up, from weak Opinion, stand
On Bases false as Water, loose as Sand;
Essex in differing Successes try'd
The fury and the falshood of each Side;
Now with applauses Deify'd, and then
Thrown down with spightfull infamy again:
Tells them, what Arts soever them support,
Their Life is meerly Time and Fortunes sport,

And

And that no Bladders blown by Common breath,
Shall bear them up amidst the Waves of Death:
Tells them no Monstrous Birth, with Pow'r endu'd
By that more Monstrous Beast the Multitude;
No State-*Coloss* (though Tall as that bestrid
The Rhodian Harbour where their Navy rid)
Can hold that ill-porportion'd Greatness still,
Beyond his Greater, most Resistless will,
Whose dreadfull Sentence written on the Wall
Did sign the Temple Robbing Tyrants fall; *Belshazar, Dan. 5.*
But Spight of their vast Priviledge, which strives
T' exceed the Size of ten Prerogatives;
Spight of their Endless Parliament, or Grants,
(In Order to those Votes and Covenants,
When, without Sense of their black Perjury
They Swear with *Essex* they would Live and Dye)
With their Dead General ere long they must
Contracted be into a Span of Dust.

An Elegy on Sir Charls Lucas, *and Sir* George Lisle.

IN measures solemn as the groans that fall
From the hoarse Trumpet at some Funerall;

With trayling Elegy and mournful Verse
I wait upon two Pearleſs Souldiers Hearſe:
Though, I acknowledge muſt, my ſorrowes dreſs
Ill matched to the cauſe it ſhould Expreſs;
Nor can I, at my beſt Inventions coſt,
Sum up the Treaſure which in them we loſt:
Had they with other Worthies of the Age,
Who late upon the Kingdomes bloody Stage,
For God, the King, and Laws, their Valour try'd,
Through Warrs ſtern chance in heat of Battel Dy'd,
We then might ſave much of our griefs expence
Reputing it not duty, but offence.
They need no tears nor howling Exequy,
Who in a glorious undertaking Dyé;
Since all that in the bed of honour fell
Live their own Monument and Chronicle.
But theſe, whom horrid danger did not reach,
The wide-mouth'd Cannon, nor the wider Breach,
Theſe, whom till cruel want and coward fate
Penn'd up like famiſh'd Lions in a Grate,
Were for their daring Sallies ſo much fear'd
Th' Affailants fled them like a frighted Heard;
Reſolving now no more to fight, but lurk
Trench'd in their Line or earth'd within a Work.
Where not like Souldiers they, but Watchmen, creep,
Arm'd for no other office but to ſleep:

They,

They, whose bold charge whole Armies did amaze,
Rendring them faint and heartless at the Gaze,
To see Resolve and * Naked Valour charmes
Of higher Proof than all their massy Armes:
They whose bright swords ruffled the proudest Troop
(As fowl unto the towring Falcon stoop)
Yet no advantage made of their Success
Which to the conquer'd spake them mercilesse;
(For they, when e'r 'twas begg'd did safety give,
And oft unasked bid the vanquish'd live;)
Ev'n these, not more undaunted in the Field
Than mild and Gentle unto such as yield,
Were, after all the shocks of battails stood,
(Let me not name it) murther'd in cold blood.
Such poor revenge did the enraged Greek
Against (till then) victorious *Hector* seek,
Triumphing o'r that Body bownd and dead
From whom in Life the Pow'rs of Argos fled.
Yet might *Achillis* borrow some excuse
To colour, though not warrant the abuse:
His dearest * Friend in the fierce combate foyl'd
Was by the Trojans hand of Life despoyl'd;
From whence unruly grief grown wild with rage
Beyond the bownds of Honour did engage.
But these, confirm'd in their unmanly hate,
By Counsels cruel yet deliberate,

* *Sir George Lisle at Newbury charged in his Shirt and Routed them.*

* *Patroclus.*

Did

Did from the Stock of bleeding honour hew
Two of the nobleſt Branches ever grew;
And (which our grief and Pitty muſt improve)
When brought within their reach with ſhews of Love:
For by a Treaty they entangled are,
And Rendring up to Mercy is the Snare; (Treat,
Whence we have learn'd when e'r their Saint-Ships
The ends are mortall, and the means a Cheat;
In which the World may read their black intent,
Drawn out at large in this ſad Preſident.
Who (though fair promis'd) might no Mercy have,
But ſuch as once the faithleſs * Baſhaw gave,
When to his truſt deluded *Bragadine*
Himſef and *Famogaſta* did reſign.
Whoſe envy'd Valour thus to bonds betray'd
Was ſoon the mark of barb'rous ſlaughter made:
So gallant Shipps which rocks and ſtorms had paſt,
Though with torn Sails and ſpending of their Maſt,
When newly brought within the ſight of Land,
Have been ſuckt up by ſome devouring Sand
You wretched Agents for a Kingdoms fall,
Who yet your ſelves the Modell'd Army call;

* Famagoſta *defeaded moſt Valiantly by* Signior Bragadino *in the time of* Selymus 2d. *was upon Honourable terms ſurrendred to* Muſtapha *the* Baſhaw, *who obſerving no Conditions, at his Tent Murthered the Principal Commanders, invited thither under ſhew of Love, and flayed* Bragadine *Alive.*

Who

Who carry on and fashion your Design
By *Syllacs*, *Syllaes* red proscriptions Line,
(Romes Comet once, as You are Ours) for shame
Henceforth no more usurp the Souldiers Name:
Let not that Title in fair Battails gain'd
Be by such abject things as You profan'd;
For what have you atchiev'd, the world may guess
You are those Men of Might which you profess.
Where ever durst You strike, if you met foes
Whose Valour did your odds in men oppose?
Turn o're the Annalls of your vaunted Fights
Which made you late the Peoples Favourites;
Begin your course at *Naseby*, and from thence
Draw out Your Marches full circumference,
Bridgwater, *Bristol*, *Dartmouth*, with the rest
Of Your well-plotted renders in the West;
Then to the angry North Your compass bend
Untill Your spent carcere in *Scotland* end,
(This is the perfect Scale of our mishap
Which measures out your conquest by the Mapp)
And tell me he that can, What have you won,
Which long before Your progress was not done?
What Castle was besieg'd, what Port, what Town,
You were not sure to carry 'ere sat down?
There needed no Granadoes, no Petard,
To force the passage, or disperse the Guard.

No,

No, Your good Masters sent a Golden Ramm
To batter down the gates against You came.
Those blest Reformers who procur'd the * *Swead*
His armed Forces into *Denmark* lead,
'Mongst them to kindle a sharp warr for hire,
Who in mear pitty meant to quench our fire,
Could where they pleased with the King's own coyn,
Divert His Aids and Strengths at home purloyn.
Upon Sea Voyages I sometimes find
Men trade with Lapland Witches for a Wind,
And by those purchas'd Gales, quick as their thought,
To the desired Port are safely brought.
We need not here on skillfull *Hopkins* call
The States allow'd *Witch-finder General.*
For (though Rebellion wants no Cad nor Elfe,
But is a perfect Witchcraft of it self)
We could with little help of art reveal
Those learn'd Magitians with whom You deal:
We all Your Juggles both for Time and Place
From *Darby*-house to *Westminster* can Trace,
The Circle where the factious Jangle meet
To Trample Law and Gospel under feet;
In which, like Bells Rung backward, they proclaim
The Kingdom by their Wild-fire set on flame,
And, quite Perverting their First Rules, invent
What mischief may be done by Parliament:

* *The Swedes hired Anno 164. to invade the King of Denmark, provided to assist his Nephew the King of England.*

We

We know Your holy Flamens, and can tell
What Spirits Vote within the Oracle;
Have found the ſpells and Incantations too,
By whoſe aſſiſtance You ſuch Wonders do.
For divers Years the credit of Your warrs
Hath been kept up by theſe Familiars,
Who that they may their providence expreſs
Both find you Pay and purchaſe Your Succeſs:
No wonder then You muſt the Garland wear,
Who never fought but with a Silver Spear.
We grant the Warrs unhappy conſequence (thence,
With all the num'rous Plagues which grow from
Murthers and Rapes, threats of Diſeaſe and Dearth,
From You as for the proper Spring take birth:
You may for Laws enact the Publick Wrongs,
With all fowl Violence to them belongs;
May bawl aloud the Peoples Right and Pow'r
Till by Your Sword You both of them Devour,
(For this brave Liberty by You up-cry'd
Is to all others but Your-ſelves deny'd,)
May with ſeditious fires the Land embroyl,
And in pretence to quench them take the Spoyl:
You may Religion to Your luſt ſubdue,
For theſe are actions only Worthy You:
Yet when your Projects, crownd with wiſh'd event,
Have made You Maſters of the ill You meant,

You

You never must the Souldiers glory share,
Since all your Trophies Executions are:
Not thinking your Successes understood,
Unless Recorded and Scor'd up in Blood.
In which, to Gull the People, you pretend,
That * Military Justice was Your end;
As if we still were Blind, not knowing this
To all your other Virtues suited is;
Who only Act by your great Grandsires Law,
The Butcher *Cade*, *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw*,
Whose Principle was Murther, and their Sport
To cut off those they fear'd might do them hurt:
Nay, in your Actions we compleated find,
What by those Levellers was but design'd,
For now Committees, and your Arm'd supplies,
Cantons the Land in * petty Tyrannies,
And for one King of Commons in each Shire,
Four hundred Commons rule as Tyrants here.
Had you not meant the Copies of each Deed,
Should their Originals in ill exceed,
You would not practice sure the *Turkish* Art,
To Ship your taken Pris'ners for a Mart,

* *See the Letter sent to* Edward *Earl of* Manchester, *Speaker of the House of Peers* pro tempore, *from* T. Fairfax, *Dated* August 29. 1648. *at* Hieth.

* Wat-Tyler *and his complices design was to take away the King and chief Men, and to erect petty Tyrannies to themselves in every Shire. And already one* Littister *a Dyar had taken upon him in* Norfolk *the Name of King of Commons, and* Robert Westborn *in* Suffolk, *Rich.* 2. *Anno* 1381. Speed.

Least

Least if with Freedome they at Home remain,
They should (which is your Terrour) Fight again.
A thing long since by Zealous *Rigby* mov'd,
And by the Faction like himself approv'd;
Though you uncounsell'd can such Outrage try,
Scarce sampled from the basest Enemy.
Naseby of Old, and late St. * *Fagans* Fare,
Of these inhumane Truckings witness are;
At which the Captiv'd *Welch* in Couples led,
Were Marketted, like Cattel, by the Head.
Let it no more in History be told,
That *Turks* their *Christian* Slaves for Aspers sold;
When we the Saints selling their Brethren see,
Who *had a Call* (they say) to set them free;
And are at last by Right of Conquest grown,
To claim our Land of *Canaan* for their own.
Though luckless *Colchester* in this out-vies,
Algiers or *Tunis* shamefull Merchandise;
Where the Starv'd Souldier (as th' agreement was)
Might not be suffer'd to their Dwelling pass,
Till, led about by some insulting Band,
They first were shew'd in Triumph through the Land:
Which for lack of Dyet, or of Strength
Of any Fainted through the Marches length,

* *At St.* Fagans *in* Glamorganshire *near* Cardiff, *The* Welsh *unarmed were taken in very great Numbers, and Sold for twelve pence a piece to certain Merchants, who bought them for Slaves to their Plantation.*

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What

* Grimes now a Captain, formerly a Tinker at St. Albans, with his own hand Killed four of the Prisoners, being not able for Faintness to go on with the rest, of which number Lieutenant Woodward was one: Likewise at Thame, and at Whateley, some others were Kill'd.

Void of the Breasts of Men, * this Murth'rous Crew
All those they could drive on no further, Slew;
What Bloody Riddle's this? They mercy give,
Yet those who should enjoy it, must not Live.
Indeed we cannot less from such expect,
Who for this Work of Ruine are Elect:
This Scum drawn from the worst, who never knew
The Fruits which from Ingenuous Breeding grew;
But take such low Commanders on their Lists,
As did revolted *Jeroboam* Priests:
That 'tis our Fate, I fear, to be undone
Like *Ægypt* once with Vermin over-run.
If in the Rabble some be more refin'd
By fair Extractions of their birth or mind,
Ev'n these corrupted are by such allays,
That no Impression of their Vertue stays.
As Gold embased by some mingled Dross
Both in it's Worth and Nature suffers Loss.
Else had that Sense of Honour still Surviv'd
Which *Fairfax* from his Ancestors deriv'd,
He ne'r had shew'd Himself, for hate or fear,
So much degen'rous from renowned *Vere*
(The Title and Alliance of whose Son
His Acts of Valour had in *Holland* won),
As to give up by his rash dooming Breath
This precious *Pair of Lives* to timeless death;

VVhom

Whom no brave Enemy but would esteem,
And, though with hazard of his own, redeem.
For 'tis not vainly by the world surmis'd
This Blood to private Spleens was sacrifis'd.
Half of the guilt stands chardgd on *Whaleys* score,
By *Liste* affronted on his guards before;
For which his spight by other hands was shew'n,
Who never durst dispute it with his own.
Twice guilty coward! first by Vote, then Eye,
Spectator of the shamefull Tragedy.
But *Lucas* elder cause of quarrell Knew,
From whence his Critical Misfortune grew;
Since he from *Berkley* Castle with such scorn
Bold *Rausborough*'s first Summons did return,
Telling him Loudly at the Parley's Beat,
With Rogues and Rebells He disdain'd to Treat;
Some from this hot contest the world perswade
His sleeping vengeance on that ground was laid:
If so, for ever blurr'd with Envies brand,
His Honour gain'd by Sea, was lost at Land:
Nor could he an impending Judgment shun
Who did to this with so much fervour run,
When late himself, to quit that Bloody stain,
Was, midst his Armed Guards, from *Pomfret* slain.
But all in vain we here expostulate
What took them hence, private or publick hate:

Knowledge of acted VVoes ſmall comforts add,
VVhen no repair proportion'd can be had:
And ſuch are ours, which to the Kingdomes eyes
Sadly preſent enſuing miſeries,
Fore-telling in *Theſe Two* ſome greater ill
From Thoſe who now a Pattent have to Kill.
Two, whoſe dear loſs leaves us no recompence,
Nor them attonement, which in weight or Senſe
VVith *Theſe* ſhall never into Ballance come
Though all the Army fell their Hecatomb.
Here leave them then; and be't our laſt relief
To give their merit Value in our grief.
VVhoſe blood however yet neglected muſt
Without revenge or Rites mingle with Duſt;
Not any falling drop ſhall ever dry
Till to a Weeping Spring it multiply,
Bath'd in whoſe tears their blaſted Laurell ſhall
Grow green, and with freſh Garlands Crown their fall.
From this black region then of Death and Night
Great Spirits take your everlaſting flight:
And as your Valours mounting fires combine,
May they a brighter Conſtellation ſhine
Than Gemini, or than the Brother-Starrs
Caſtor and *Pollux* fortunate to warrs.
That all fair Souldiers by Your ſparkling light
May find the way to Conquer when they Fight,

And

And by those Paterns which from you they take
Direct their course though Honours Zodiak:
But upon Traitors frown with dire Aspect,
Which may their perjuries and guilt reflect;
Unto the Curse of whose Nativity,
Prodigious as the *Caput Algol* be,
VVhose pale and ghastly Tresses still portend
Their own despair or Hangman for their end.
And that succeeding ages may keep safe
Your Lov'd remembrance in some Epitaph,
Upon the ruins of your glorious Youth
Inscribed be this Monumentall Truth:
Here ly the Valiant *Lucas* and brave *Lysle*,
VVith *Amasa* betray'd in *Joabs* smile:
In whom revenge of Honour taking place
His great Corrivall's stabb'd in the Embrace.
And as it was the *Hebrew* Captains stain
That he two Greater than himself had Slain,
Shedding the Blood of War in time of Peace,
VVhen Love pretended was, and Arms did cease.
May the fowl Murtherers expect a fate
Like *Joabs*, Blood with Blood to expiate:
VVhich quick as Lightning, and as Thunder sure,
Preventions wisest arts nor shun, nor cure.
O may it fall on their perfidious head!
That when, with *Joab* to the Altar fled,

1 *Kings* 2. 32. vers.

Themſelves the Sword and reach of vengence flee
No Temple may their Sanctuary be.
Laſt, that nor frailty nor devouring time
May ever loſe impreſſions of the Crime,
Let loyal *Colcheſter* (who too late try'd
To Check, when higheſt wrought, the Rebels Pride,
Holding them long, and doubtfull at the bay,
VVhileſt we by looking on gave all away)
Be only Nam'd: which like a Columne built
Shall both enhearſe this blood un-nobly ſpilt,
And live, till all her Towres in rubbiſh lye
The Monuments of their baſe Cruelty.

An Elegy upon the moſt Incomparable King Charls *the Firſt.*

CAll for amazed thoughts, a wounded ſenſe
And bleeding Hearts at our Intelligence.
Call for that Trump of Death the Mandrakes Groan
VVhich kills the Hearers: This befits alone
Our Story which through times vaſt Calendar,
Muſt ſtand without Example or Repair.
VVhat ſpouts of melting Clouds, what endleſs Springs
Powr'd in the Oceans lap for Offerings,

Shall

Shall feed the hungry Torrent of our grief
Too mighty for expreſſion or belief?
Though all thoſe moiſtures which the brain attracts
Ran from eyes like guſhing *Cataracts*,
Or our ſad accents could out-tongue the Cryes
VVhich did from mournful *Hadadrimmon* riſe,
Since that remembrance of *Joſiah* ſlain
In our *King's* murther is reviv'd again.
O pardon me that but from Holy VVrit
Our loſs allowes no *Parallel* to it:
Nor call it bold preſumption that I dare
Charls with the beſt of *Judah's Kings* compare:
The vertues of whoſe life did I prefer
The Text acquits me for no Flatterer.
For he like *David* perfect in his Truſt,
VVas never ſtayn'd like Him, with Blood or Luſt.
One who with *Solomon* in Judgment try'd,
VVas quick to comprehend, VViſe to decide,
(That even his Judges ſtood amaz'd to hear
A more tranſcendent Mover in their Sphear)
Though more Religious: for when doting Love
A while made *Solomon* Apoſtate prove,
Charls nev'r endur'd the Truth which he profeſt,
To be unfixt by boſome intereſt.
Bold as *Jehoſaphat*, yet forc'd to Fight,
And for his own, no unconcerned Right.

Should I recount His constant time of Pray'r,
Each rising Morn and Ev'ning Regular,
You'ld say his practice preach'd, They ought not Eat
VVho by devotion first not earn'd their Meat:
Thus *Hezekiah* He exceeds in Zeal,
Though not (like him) So facile to reveal
The Treasures of Gods House, or His own Heart,
To be supplanted by some forein art.
And that he might in fame with *Josh* share
VVhen he the ruin'd Temple did repair,
His cost on *Pauls* late ragged Fabrick spent
Must (if no other) be His Monument.
From this Survey the Kingdom may conclude
His Merits, and her Losses Magnitude:
Nor think he flatters or blasphemes, who tells
That *Charls* exceeds *Judea*'s Parallels,
In whom all Vertues we concentred see
VVhich 'mongst the best of them divided be.
O weak built Glories! which those Tempests feel
To force you from your firmest bases reel,
VVhat from the stroaks of Chance shall you secure,
VVhen Rocks of Innocence are so unsure?
VVhen the VVorld's only mirrour slaughter'd lies,
Envies and Treasons bleeding sacrifize;
As if His stock of Goodness could become
No *Kalendar*, but that of *Martyrdom*.

Spargunturin omnes, In te mista fluunt ---- Claudian.

See

See now ye curſed Mountebanks of State,
VVho have *Eight years* for Reformations ſate;
You who dire *Alva*'s Counſels did transfer,
To Act his Scenes on *England*'s Theater;
You who did pawn your Selves in *Publick Faith*
To ſlave the Kingdom by your Pride and VVrath;
Call the whole VVorld to witneſs now, how juſt,
How well you are reſponſive to your truſt,
How to your King the promiſe you perform,
VVith Faſts, and Sermons, and long Prayers ſworn,
That you intended *Peace* and *Truth* to bring
To make your *Charls Europes moſt Glorious King.*
Did you for this *Lift up your Hands on high,*
To Kill the King, and pluck down Monarchy?
Theſe are the Fruits by your wild Faction ſown,
VVhich not Imputed are, but Born your own:
For though you wiſely ſeem to waſh your Hands,
The Guilt on every Vote and Order ſtands;
So that convinc'd, from all you did before,
Juſtice muſt lay the Murther at your Door.
Mark if the Body does not Bleed anew,
In any Circumſtance approach'd by You,
From whoſe each motion we might plain deſcry
The black Oſtents of this late Tragedy.
For when the King through Storms in *Scotland* bred,
To his *Great Councel* for his ſhelter fled,

Call'd the Councel of Troubles.

The form of taking the Covenant, June 1643.

VVhen in that meeting every Error gain'd
Redreſſes ſooner granted, than Complain'd:
Not all thoſe frank Conceſſions or Amends
Did ſuit the then too Powerfull *Faction*'s ends:
No Acts of Grace at preſent would Content,
Nor Promiſe of *Triennial Parliament*,
Till by a formal Law the King had paſt
This *Seſſion* ſhould at Your pleaſure laſt.

So having got the Bitt, and that 'twas known
No power could diſſolve You but Your own,
Your graceleſs Junto make ſuch uſe of this,
As once was practis'd by *Semiramis*;
VVho ſtriving by a ſubtile Suite to prove
The largeneſs of her Husband Truſt and Love,
Did from the much abuſed King obtain
That for *Three dayes* She might ſole Empreſs reign;
Before which time expir'd, the bloody VVife
Depriv'd her *Lord* both of his *Crown* and *Life*.
There needs no Comment when your deeds apply
The Demonſtration of her Treachery.

Diodorus Siculus lib. 2.

VVhich to effect, by *Abſolon*'s foul wile
You of the Peoples Heart your *Prince* beguile;
Urging what Eaſes they might reap by it
Did you their *Legiſlative Judges* ſit.
How did you fawn upon, and Court the Rout,
VVhoſe Clamour carry'd your whole Plot about?

How

How did you thank Seditious men that came
To bring Petitions which your ſelves did frame?
And leſt they wanted Hands to ſet them on,
You lead the way by throwing the firſt ſtone.
For in that *Libel* after Midnight born,
VVherewith your Faction labour'd till the Morn,
That Famous Lye, you a *Remonſtrance* name;
VVere not Reproaches your malicious aim?
VVas not the *King*'s diſhonour your intent,
By Slanders to traduce his Government?
All which your ſpightfull Cunning did contrive;
Men muſt receive through your falſe Perſpective,
In which the ſmalleſt Spots improved were,
And every Mote a Mountain did appear.
Thus *Cæſar* by th' ungratefull Senate found
His *Life* aſſaulted through his *Honour*'s VVound.

Remonſtrance of the State of the Kingdom, Dec. 15. 1641.

And now to make Him hopeleſs to reſiſt,
You guide His Sword by Vote, which as you liſt
Muſt, Strike or Spare (for ſo you did enforce
His Hand againſt His Reaſon to divorce
Brave *Strafford*'s Life,) then wring it quite away
By your uſurping each Militia:
Then ſeize His Magazines, of which poſſeſt
You turn the VVeapons 'gainſt their Maſter's Breaſt.

Ord. Feb. 29. *Voted* March 15. *The Navy ſeiz'd* Mar. 28. 1642. *The* London *Tumults.* Jan. 10. 1641.

This done, th' unkennell'd crew of Lawleſs men
Led down by *Watkins*, *Pennington*, and *Vea*,

Did

Did with confused noise the Court invade;
Then all Dissenters in Both Houses Bay'd.
At which the King amaz'd is forc'd to flye,
The whilst your Mouth's laid on mantain the Cry.
The Royal Game dislodg'd and under Chase,
Your hot Pursute dogs Him from place to place:
Not *Saul* with greater fury or disdain
Did flying *David* from *Jeshimon*'s plain
Unto the barren Wilderness pursue,
Than Cours'd and Hunted is the King by you.
The *Mountain Partridge* or the *Chased Roe*
Might now for Emblemes of His Fortune go,
And since all other May-games of the Town
(Save those your selves should make) were Voted down
The Clam'rous Pulpit Hollacs in resort,
Inviting men to your *King-catching* Sport.
VVhere as the Foyl grows cold you mend the Scent
By crying *Privilege of Parliament*,
VVhose fair Pretensions the first sparkles are,
VVhich by your breath blown up enflame the VVar.
And *Ireland* (bleeding by design) the Stale
VVherewith for Men and Money you prevail.
Yet doubting that Imposture could not last,
VVhen all the Kingdoms Mines of Treasure waste,
You now tear down *Religion*'s sacred Hedge
To carry on the VVork by *Sacriledge*;

Reputing

Deputing it Rebellions fittest Pay
To take both *God's* and *Cæsar's* dues away.
The tenor of which execrable Vote
Your over-active Zelots so promote,
That neither *Tomb* nor *Temple* could escape,
Nor *Dead* nor *Living*, your Licentious Rape.
Statues and *Grave-stones* o'r men buried
Rob'd of their Brass, the * *Coffins* of their Led;
Nor the Seventh *Henry's* gilt and curious *Skreen*,
Nor those which 'mongst our Rarities were seen,
The * *Chests* wherein the *Saxon Monarchs* lay,
But must be basely sould or thrown away.
May in succeeding times forgotten be
Those bold Examples of Impiety,
Which were the Ages wonder and discourse,
You have Their greatest ills improv'd by worse.
No more be mention'd *Dionysius* Theft,
Who of their Gold the *Heathen Shrines* bereft;
For who with Yours His Robberies confer,
Must him repute a petty Pilferer.
Nor *Julian's* Scoff, who when he view'd the State
Of *Antioch's* Church, the Ornaments and Plate,
Cry'd, Meaner Vessels would serve turn, or None
Might well become the birth of *Mary's Son*:
Nor how that spightfull Atheist did in scorn
Pisse on God's Table, which so oft had born

* *At* Basing-*Chapel* *Sold* Dec. 29. 1643.
* *At* Winchester.

Lactant. l. 2. c. 4.

Julian. Præfectus Ægypti. Theodoret. l. 3. c. 11.

ibid.

The

The Hallow'd Elements, his death preſent:
Nor he that fould it with his Excrement,
Then turn'd the Cloth unto that act of ſhame,
VVhich without trembling *Chriſtians* ſhould not name.
Nor *John of Leyden*, who the pillag'd Quires
Employ'd in *Munſter* for his own attires;
His pranks by *Hazlerig* exceeded be,
A wretch more wicked and as mad as he,
Who once in triumph led his Sumpter Moil
Proudly bedecked with the Altar's ſpoyl.
Nor at *Bizantium*'s ſack how *Mahomet*
In St. *Sophia*'s Church his Horſes ſet.
Nor how *Belſhazzar* at his drunken Feaſts
Carows'd in holy Veſſels to his Gueſts:
Nor he that did the Books and Anthems tear,
Which in the *daily Stations* uſed were.
Theſe were poor Eſſayes of imperfect Crimes,
Fit for beginners in unlearned times,
Siz'd onely for that dull Meridian
Which knew no Jeſuit nor Puritan,
(Before whoſe fatal Birth were no ſuch things
As Doctrines to Depoſe and Murther Kings.)
But ſince Your prudent care Enacted well,
That there ſhould be no King in *Iſrael*,
England muſt write ſuch Annals of Your reign
Which all Records of elder miſchiefs ſtain.

Churches

Ganguin. l. 6.

The Carpet belonging to the Communion Table of Winchester *Cathedral, Dec. 18. 1642.*

Adrian *Emp.*

Churches unbuilt by order, others burn'd;
Whilſt *Pauls* and *Lincola* are to Stables turn'd;
And at God's Table you might Horſes ſee
Ty (thoſe more Beaſts) their Riders manger'd be,
Some Kitchins and ſome Slaughter-houſes made,
Communion-boards and *Cloths* for Dreſſers laid:
Some turn'd to loathſome Goals, ſo by you brought
Into the Curſe of *Baal*'s Houſe:, a Draught.
The *Common Prayers* with the *Bibles* torn,
The *Copes* in Antick Mooriſh Dances worn,
And ſometimes, for the wearers greater mock,
The *Surplice* is converted to a Frock.
Some bringing Dogs the *Sacrament* revile,
Some with *Coprotimus* the Font defile.
O God! canſt *Thou* theſe prophanations like?
If not, why is thy Thunder ſlow to ſtrike
The curſed Authors? who dare think that Thou
Doſt, when not puniſh them, their acts allow.
All which outragious Crimes, though your pretence
Would faſten on the Souldiers inſolence,
We muſt believe, that what by them was done
Some licens'd forth by your probation.
Yet, as your ſelves with *Athaliah*'s Brood
A ſtrong contention for precedence ſtood,
You robb'd Two *Royal Chapels* of their Plate,
Which Kings and Queens to God did dedicate;

At Winchcomb *in* Glocester-ſhire.

Whitehall, Windſor. *Feb.* 3. 1643.

Then

Then by a Vote more ſordid than the Stealth,
Melt down and Coyn it for the *Common-wealth*;
That is, give't up to the devouring jaws
Of your great *Idol Bell*, new ſtyl'd *The Cauſe*.
And though this Monſter you did well deviſe
To feed by Plunder, Taxes, Loans, Exciſe;
(All which Proviſions You the People teil
Scarce ſerve to diet Your *Pantagruel*.)
We no *Strew'd Aſhes* need to trace the Cheat,
Who plainly ſee what Mouthes the Meſſes eat.
Brave *Reformation*! and a through one too,
Which to enrich Your ſelves muſt All undo.
Pray tell us (thoſe that can) What fruits have grown
From all Your Seeds in Blood and Treaſure ſown?
What would you mend? when Your Projected State
Doth from the Beſt in Form degenerate?
Or why ſhould You (of All) attempt the Cure,
Whoſe Facts nor *Goſpel*'s Teſt nor *Laws* endure?
But like unwholſome Exhalations met
From Your Conjunction onely Plagues beget,
And in Your Circle, as Impoſthumes fill
Which by their venome the whole Body kill;
For never had You Pow'r but to Deſtroy,
Nor Will, but where You Conquer'd to Enjoy.
This was your Maſter-prize, who did intend
To make both *Church* and *Kingdom*'s prey Your End.
'Gainſt

'Gainſt which the King (plac'd in the Gap) did ſtrive
By *His* (till then unqueſtion'd) *Negative*,
Which finding You lack'd Reaſon to perſwade,
Your Arguments are into Weapons made;
So to compell him by main force to yield,
You had a Formed Army in the Field
Before his Reared *Standard* could invite
Ten men upon his Righteous Cauſe to fight:
Yet ere thoſe raiſed Forces did advance,
Your malice ſtruck him dead by Ordinance,
When your Commiſſions the whole Kingdom ſwept
With Blood and Slaughter, *Not the King Except.*

E. of Eſſex *Army*, Aug. 1. 1642. *The Standard at* Nottingham, *Aug.* 25. 1642.

Now hardned in Revolt, You next proceed
By *Pacts* to ſtrengthen each Rebellious Deed,
New *Oaths*, and *Vows*, and *Covenants* advance,
All contradicting your *Allegiance*,
Whoſe Sacred knot you plainly did unty,
When you with *Eſſex ſwore to Live and Dye.*

June 27. 1643.

Theſe were your *Calves* in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Which *Jeroboam*'s Treaſon ſtabliſh can,
Who by ſtrange Pacts and Altars did ſeduce
The People to their Laws and King's abuſe;
All which but ſerve like *Shibboleth* to try
Thoſe who pronounc'd not your conſpiracy;
That when your other Trains defective are,
Forc'd Oaths might bring Refuſers to the Snare.

Declaration and Reſolution of Parl. Aug. 15. 1642.

And

And left those men your Counsels did pervert,
Might when your Fraud was seen the Cause desert;
A fierce Decree is through the Kingdom sent,
Which made it Death for any to Repent.
What strange Dilemmaes doth Rebellion make?
'Tis mortal to Deny, or to Partake:
Some Hang who would not aid your Traiterous Act,
History of English and Scotish Presbytery, p. 320 Others engag'd are Hang'd if they Retract.
So Witches who their Contracts have unsworn,
By their own Devils are in pieces torn.
Thus still the rageing Tempest higher grows,
Which in Extreams the Kings Resolvings throws.
The face of Ruin every where appears,
And Acts of Outrage multiply our fears;
Whilst blind Ambition by successes fed
Hath You beyond the bound of Subjects led;
Who tasting once the sweet of Regal Sway,
Resolving now no longer to obey.
For *Presbiterian* pride contests as high
As doth the Popedom for Supremacy.
Needs must you with unskilfull *Phaeton*
Aspire to guid the Chariot of the Sun,
Though your ill-govern'd height with lightning be
Thrown headlong from his burning Axle-tree.
The Propos. 19 You will no more *Petition* or *Debate*,
But your desire in *Propositions* state,

Which

VVhich by such Rules and Ties the *King* confine,
They in effect are Summons to *Resiga.*
Therefore your VVar is manag'd with such sleight,
'Twas seen you more prevail'd by Purse than Might;
And those you could not purchase to your will,
You Brib'd with Sums of Money to sit still.
The *King* by this time hopeless here of Peace,
Or to procure His wasted Peoples ease,
VVhich He in frequent Messages had try'd,
By you as oft as Shamelessly deny'd;
VVearied by faithless Friends and restless Foes,
To certain hazard doth His Life Expose:
VVhen through your Quarters in a mean disguise
He to His Country-men for succour flies, April 27. 1646.
VVho met a brave occasion then to save
Their Native King from His untimely Grave: May 5. 1646.
Had he from them such fair Reception gain'd,
VVherewith ev'n *Achish David* entertain'd.
But Faith to Him or Hospitable Laws
In your Confederate Union were no Clause,
VVhich back to you their Rendred *Master* sends
To tell how *He was us'd among his Friends.*
Far be it from my thoughts by this black Line
To measure all within that VVarlike Clime;
The still admir'd *Montrose* some Numbers lead
In his brave steps of Loyalty to tread.

I only Tax a furious Party there,
VVho with our Native Pests Enleagued were.
Then 'twas you follow'd Him with Hue and Cry,
Made Midnight Searches in Each Liberty,
This Order publish'd by beat of Drum, May 4. 1646. *Voting it Death* to all without Reprieve,
VVho should their *Master* Harbour or Relieve.
Ev'n in pure pity of both Nations Fame,
I wish that Act in Story had no Name.
VVhen all your mutual Stipulations are
Converted at *Newcastle* to a Fair,
VVhere (like *His Lord*) the King the Mart is made,
Bought with *Your* Money, and by *Them* Betraid;
For both are Guilty, *They* that did Contract,
And *You* that did the fatal Bargain Act.
VVhich who by equal Reason shall peruse,
Must yet conclude, They had the best Excuse:
For doubtless They (Good men) had never Sold,
But that you tempted Them with English Gold;
And 'tis no wonder if with such a Sum
Our Brethrens frailty might be overcome.
VVhat though hereafter it may prove their Lot
To be compared with *Iscariot?*
Yet will the VVorld perceive which was most wise,
And who the Nobler Traitor by the Price;
For though 'tis true Both did Themselves undo,
They made the better Bargain of the Two,

VVhich

VVhich all may reckon who can difference
Two hundred thouſand Pounds from *Thirty Pence.*
However ſomething is in Juſtice due,
VVhich may be ſpoken in defence of You;
For in your Maſters Purchaſe you gave more,
Than all your *Jewiſh* Kindred paid before.
And had you wiſely us'd what then you bought,
Your Act might be a Loyal Ranſome thought,
To free from Bonds your Captive Soveraign,
Reſtoring Him to his loſt Crown again.
But You had other Plots, your baſie hate
Ply'd all advantage on His fallen State,
And ſhew'd You did not come to bring Him Bayl,
But to remove Him to a ſtricter *Gaol*,
To *Holmby* firſt, whence taken from His Bed,
He by an Army was in Triumph led;
Till on pretence of ſafety *Cromwel's* wile
Had juggl'd *Him* into the *Fatal Iſle*,
VVhere *Hammond* for his Jaylor is decreed,
And Murderous *Rolf* as Lieger-Hangman fee'd,
VVho in one fatal Knot Two Counſels tye,
He muſt by Poiſon or by Piſtol Dye.
Here now deny'd all Comforts due to Life,
His Friends, His Children, and His Peerleſs VVife;
From *Carisbrook* He oft but vainly ſends,
And though firſt Wrong'd, ſeeks to make you Amends;

For this He sues, and by his restless Pen
Importunes Your deaf Ears to Treat agen.
Jan. 3. 1647. VVhilst the proud Faction scorning to go less,
Return those Trait'rous Votes of *Non Addiess*,
Jan. 9. 1647. VVhich follow'd were by th' Armies thundring
To *Act without* and quite *against the King*.
Yet when that Cloud remov'd, and the clear Light
Drawn from His weigh y Reasons, gave You sight
Of Your own Dangers, had not Their Intents
Colchester Siege. Retarded been by some cross Accidents;
VVhich for a while with fortunate Suspence
Check'd or diverted Their swoln Insolence:
When the whole Kingdom for a *Treaty* cry'd,
Which gave such credit to Your falling side,
June 30. 1648. That you *Recall'd those Votes*, and God once more
Your Power to save the Kingdome did restore?
Treaty Voted, July 28. 1648. Remember how Your peevish Treaters sate,
Not to make *Peace*, but to prolong Debate;
How You that precious time at first delay'd,
And what ill use of Your advantage made,
As if from Your foul Hands God had decreed
Nothing but War and Mischief should succeed.
For when by easy Grants the Kings Assent
Did your Desires in greater things prevent,
When He did yield faster than You intreat,
And more than Modesty dares well repeat;

Yet

Yet not content with this, without all ſenſe
Or of *His Honour* or *His Conſcience*,
Still you preſt on, till you too late deſcry'd,
'Twas now leſs ſafe to ſtay than be deny'd.
For like a Flood broke looſe the Armed Rout,
Then Shut Him cloſer up, And Shut You out,
Who by juſt Vengeance are ſince Worried
By thoſe Hand-wolves You for His Ruine bred.
Thus like *Two ſmoaking Firebrands*, You and They
Have in this Smother choak'd the Kingdom's Day:
And as you rais'd Them firſt, muſt ſhare the Guilt,
With all the Blood in thoſe Diſtractions ſpilt.
For though with *Sampſon*'s Foxes backward turn'd,
(When he *Philiſtia*'s fruitfull Harveſt burn'd)
The face of your Opinions ſtands averſe,
All your Concluſions but one Fire diſperſe;
And every Line which carries your Deſigns,
In the ſame Centre of Confuſion joyns.
Though then the *Independants* end the Work,
'Tis known they took their Platform from the *Kirk*;
Though *Pilate Bradſhaw* with his pack of Jews,
God's High Vice-gerent at the Bar accuſe;
They but reviv'd the Evidence and Charge,
Your poys'nous Declarations laid at large;
Though they Condemn'd or made his Life their Spoil,
You were the Setters forc'd him to the Toil:

For you whose fatal hand the Warrant writ,
The Prisoner did for Execution fit;
And if their Ax invade the Regal Throat,
Remember you first Murther'd Him by Vote.
Thus they receive your Tennis at the bound,
Take off that Head which you had first Un-crown'd;
Which shews the Texture of our Mischiefs Clew,
If Ravell'd to the Top, begins in You,
Who have for ever stain'd the brave Intents
And Credit of our *English* Parliaments:
And in this One caus'd greater Ills, and more,
Than all of theirs did Good that went before.

Yet have You kept your word against Your will,
Your King is *Great* indeed and *Glorious* still,
And You have *made* Him so. We must impute
That Lustre which His Sufferings contribute
To your preposterous Wisdoms, who have done
All your good Deeds by Contradiction:
For as to work His Peace you rais'd this Strife,
And often *Shot at Him* to *Save His Life*;
As you took from Him to Encrease His wealth,
And kept Him Pris'ner to secure His Health;
So in revenge of your dissembled Spight,
In this last Wrong you did Him greatest Right,
And (cross to all You meant) by Plucking down
Lifted Him up to His *Eternal Crown*.

With

With this Encircled in that radiant Sphear,
Where thy black Murtherers muſt ne'r appear;
Thou from th'enthroned Martyrs Blood-ſtain'd Line,
Doſt in thy Virtues bright Example ſhine.
And when thy Darted Beam from the moiſt Sky
Nightly ſalutes thy grieving Peoples Eye,
Thou like ſome Warning Light rais'd by our fears,
Shalt both provoke and ſtill ſupply our Tears,
Till the *Great Prophet* wak'd from his long Sleep,
Again bids *Sion* for *Joſiah* weep:
That all Succeſſions by a *firm Decree*
May teach their Children to Lament for Thee.
Beyond theſe Mournfull Rites there is no Art
Or Coſt can *Thee* preſerve. Thy better Part
Lives in deſpight of Death, and will endure
Kept ſafe in thy Unpattern'd *Portraiture:*
Which though in Paper drawn by thine own Hand,
Shall longer than *Corinthian-Marble* ſtand,
Or Iron Sculptures: There thy matchleſs Pen
Speaks Thee the *Beſt of Kings* as *Beſt of Men*:
Be this Thy *Epitaph*; for This alone
Deſerves to carry Thy Inſcription.
And 'tis but modeſt Truth: (ſo may I thrive
As not to pleaſe the Beſt of thine Alive,
Or flatter my *Dead Maſter*, here would I
Pay my laſt Duty in a Glorious Lye)

In

In that *Admired Piece* the World may read
Thy Virtues and Misfortunes Storied;
Which bear such curious Mixture, Men must doubt
Whether Thou *Wiser* wert or *more Devout*.
There live Blest Relick of a Saint-like mind,
With Honours endless, as Thy Peace, Enshrin'd;
Whilst we, divided by that Bloody Cloud,
Whose purple Mists Thy Murther'd Body shroud,
Here stay behind at gaze: Apt for Thy sake
Unruly murmurs now 'gainst Heav'n to make,
Which binds us to Live well, yet gives no Fence
To Guard her dearest Sons from Violence.
But He whose Trump proclaims, *Revenge is mine*,
Bids us our Sorrow by our Hope confine,
And reconcile our *Reason* to our *Faith*,
Which in thy Ruine such Conclusions hath;
It dares Conclude, God does not keep His Word
If *Zimri dye in Peace that slew his Lord*.

From my sad Retirement
March 11. 1648.

CAROLUS STUART REX ANGLIÆ SECURE COELUS
VITA CESSIT TRICESSIMO IANUARII.